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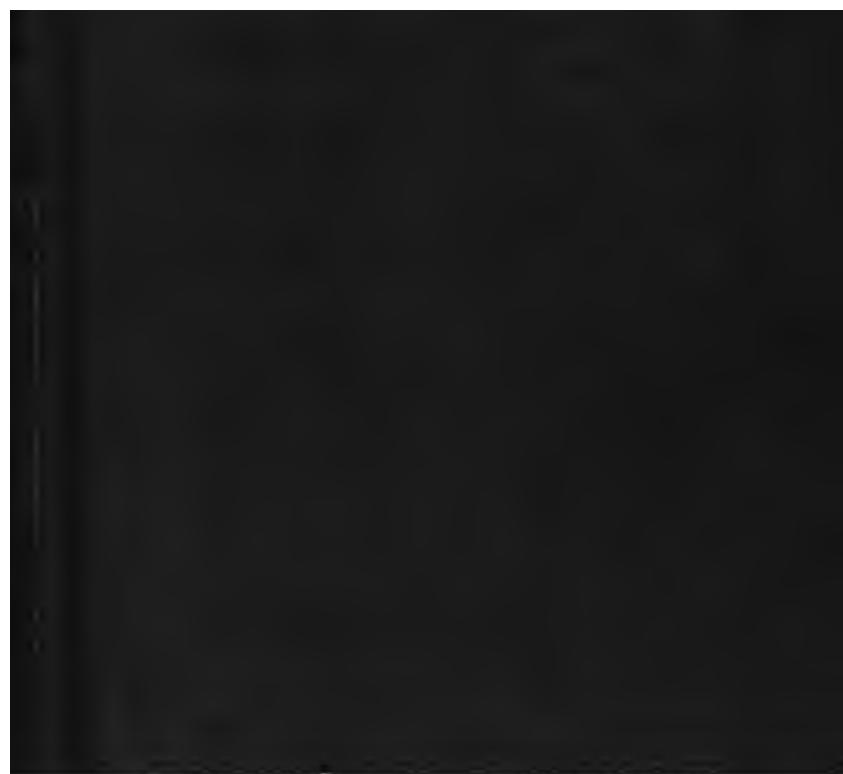
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I come here

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R H Y M E S

BY

A POETASTER.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1846.

AN

APOLOGY FOR A PREFACE.

“ I BESEECH you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. * * * * But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed who was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.”

AS YOU LIKE IT.

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PART FIRST.

" So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets songs infuse."

HUDIBRAS.



STANZAS.

To what shall I frail man compare ?

Unto the willow tree,

That by some stream doth flourish fair,

And wave its branches free ?

For when a child, his mind may be

Train'd like the slender twig,

And to the will bent easily ;

For then he's but a *sprig*.

The boisterous breeze may bend it down,

But it can do no more—

Soon as the storm is spent and flown,

'Twill flourish as before.

Life's chilling blasts will often o'er
Our tender bosoms sweep :
But soon is heal'd each angry sore—
In smiles we cease to weep.

Now firmly do its roots adhere
To earth, and mock the blast
Which tears away the boughs in fear,
And scatters them aghast ;
So, when as men we may be class'd,
We scorn life's stormiest day ;
And only sigh to see it cast
Our little ones away.

The trunk, which once was smooth and sleek,
Time ploughs with furrows deep ;
And it trembles as the blasts, so bleak,
Of winter round it sweep.
At length it can no longer keep
Its stand against the storm ;—
It falls—a lone and shatter'd heap,
And moulders with the worm.

And thus the fair and downy cheek
Of man by age is plough'd ;
And when he doth his offspring seek,
He finds them in the shroud !
Around him howl life's blasts and loud—
Ere long he's overcome ;
And lonely, 'mid the world's vast crowd,
He drops into the tomb !

SONG.

OH, 'twas a sweet and spirit-stirring hour,
 When on the hill's enamell'd brow we parted;
 When incense breathed from every opening flower,
 And Love—Love only—in his hopes seem'd
 thwarted.

Before our feet the lark sprang up with gladness,
 Sending his soul in carollings to heaven,
 As if he would dispel all earthly sadness,
 And give again to man the peace that's riven!

Upon the gentle maiden's rosy lips
 The dews of morning fell, so softly pressing,
 I kiss'd the gems from off their balmy tips,
 While fond and close she clung to my caressing.

But never more—ah! never more I clasp'd her
 Unto my bosom, as it high did swell;—
 Sorrow pursued, till Death's thin fingers grasp'd
 her;
 And yet thrills through my heart our last fare-
 well!

IMPROMPTU ON A SKULL.

THE time has been when I have smiled
To view, as thou dost now, a skull
Raked up from earth by hands defiled,
To 'liven wit, too seldom dull.
But smile not, mortal—from thy heart,
Insult not thou the injured dead,
For thou, ere long, from life must part,
And some may revel with THY head !

WHEN THE HEART FEELS
MELANCHOLY.

WHEN the heart feels melancholy
In a bosom lone and chill,
What, then, is it that can wholly
Divest us of the ill ?
'Tis the form of her we love
Who the malady can move,
When with a heart all lightness
She comes, and smiles of brightness
Playing sweetly o'er her cheek,
Like the sun-beams on some peak
Whose towering cap of snow
Is blushing with their glow.

Oh! and as she's o'er us bending,
And her lips are pressing ours,
She seems of heaven's own sending
To cheer our drooping powers!

And her eyes of light divine,
As within our own they shine
With such bright Promethean fire,
Bid our souls to hers transpire ;
While her siren voice restoreth
Our spirits, as she poureth
Sweet comfort in our ears,
Till a vision all appears !

THE MARINER'S CHANT.

CHILL Autumn wraps the sky
With a dark and threatening cloud ;
Not a gleam appears on high !
And the equinoctial gales are loud.
Hark ! hark ! how the blast comes roaring
From the darkly-boding west !
While the rain's in torrents pouring,
And above, the gulls are soaring,
And down upon us gloaring,
Seeking rest !

How the dripping cordage strains,
And the masts do harshly creak,
Like a spectre from his chains
Of adamant broke loose do they speak,
Swift athwart each bounding wave,
We in madness seem to dash,
While they furiously rave
Round our hearts so stout and brave,
And threaten all with a grave,
As they plash !

But, what is there to fear
On the boundless ocean toss'd ?
Nor rocks nor shoals are near
Which we, perchance, may strike and be lost.
Farther—farther than the eye
With the telescope can see,
There is but the clouded sky,
And the billows rolling high,
Over which we seem to fly
Gallantly !

Fear not, my dearest Mary—
Oh, with hope thy bosom cheer !—
Let no terror ever scare thee,
For why that tender breast mar with fear ?
Though we scarcely seem a speck
'Midst these billows without end,
There's no danger of a wreck ;
And nought will our voyage check
Ere again I on thy neck
Joyful bend !

LINES.

" As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
 And place them in their breast—but place to die,—
 Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
 Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."

DON JUAN.

As man walks through the garden in his pride,
 And there beholds sweet flowers on every side,
 To gather one ere long his heart is bent ;
This he admires for beauty—*that* for scent.
 From bloom to bloom roves eagerly his eye,—
 Much faded *this*, too gaudy that one's dye.
 The rose has beauty, and the rose is sweet,
 But 'tis too vulgar for his hand to greet.
 At length, upon the lily, soft and fair,
 Bright beams his eye, and soon his heart rests
there!

He sees it hanging down its bashful head,
As if anticipating something dread :
How graceful on its stalk it seems to grow !
How delicately sweet, the bloom of snow !—
With dauntless hand he snaps it from its stem,
And soon his feelings do the deed condemn.
He places it in water,—care how frail !—
His toil and trouble are of no avail ;
Beneath his eye—within his very hand
Fades the pale flower, and drops upon the land !

Thus 'midst the daughters of the sons of earth,
We rove through life in search of peace and mirth :
Like woodbine round our hearts their charms
they twine,
And to our raptured eyes appear divine.
Yet, of the fairest do we make our choice,
And madly o'er the prize obtained rejoice :
But with the very bliss we cheer the maid,
We cause her bloom and beauty áll to fade ;—
Within our arms the charming object droops,
And o'er her grave the bursting heart soon
stoops !

THE GATHERING STORM.

Not a whisper of wind comes o'er the hill,
 Even the Aspen's leaf is still ;
 The top of the loftiest pine is straight,
 And the down of the linnet sinks low with its
 weight ;

The frowning oak appears to stand.

Like the hulk of a vessel which wind and wave
 Have wrecked upon some unknown strand,

While her crew have deserted her, hoping to
 save

Themselves—yet have found but a desolate
 grave.

The lonely thrush, on yonder spray,
 And the redbreast attempting to warble a lay,
 Are all the noises round the hill,
 Except the flow of a crystal rill,

That murmurs faintly on its course,
Seaward, from its lofty source ;
 And it sounds unto the listening ear
Like the first whisper of remorse
 To the traitor's conscience must appear.

As far around as the eye can see
The welkin bodes of treachery ;
The cattle have ceased to graze, and seek
 A shelter from the coming blast,
 Which they by instinct know has brast*
Already, its bourne, and is howling bleak ;
The sun has withdrawn himself behind
Some straggling clouds, as if dreading the wind ;
The western sky is hid from sight,
And the north is frowning blacker than night ;
One gleam in the east appears to view,
And it comes to the heart like Hope's sweet ray,
Which I have seen all brightly play
O'er the cheek of a maiden, while far away
Death bore by degrees her lover, for aye.

* "Brast" or "brac'd"—burst.—*Spenser*.

It is past,—even there all is darkness too :
And my hopes are cheated—like the hopes of
that maid,

When I saw her wildly on her pillow braid
In agony her dishevell'd hair,
While sobbing in comfortless despair,
Because her lover's latest breath
Had just been sipp'd by the murderer—Death !

The south not quite so dark appears,
But its red, ashy clouds are fraught with fears ;
And an awful tremour seems to creep

O'er Nature ;—so a silent dream
Thrills through the breasts of those who sleep,
As they fancy they stand on some giddy steep,
'Neath which the billows of ocean cream ;
And while the rock trembles under their feet,
They, in agonizing heat,
Breathless, at the tottering heap
Seem catching, to save them from the deep.

A breeze springs up : it comes like a sigh
Slowly drawn from the bosom, and hurries by ;
Nearer and nearer to sight the clouds come—
Hark ! the thunder rolls like the beat of a drum

Heard at a distance in the battle-field,
Rousing the troops their arms to wield.
A flash is seen along the cloud
To dart—the next moment, horribly loud,
The thunder bellows, like the voice
Of a hundred cannons spreading death :
At which the statesman will rejoice,
For his ears are deaf to the rumbling noise,
As thousands it dooms to batten the heath,
Crown'd with Glory's bloody wreath !
Not a pause to sigh, ere another flash
Through the gloomy air is seen to dash,
Pursued as swiftly as before
By the pealing thunder's deafening roar,
Like an answer to the foe's salute,
Ere the armies meet, all stamp'd with '*brute*,'
To wallow in each other's blood,
Like filthy swine in a miry flood.

The clouds still faster and faster close,
Like fresh relays of furious foes ;
The lightning flashes, and the thunder rolls,
And seems with its din to shake the Poles,

While heavily pours the smoking rain,
Like sulphury clouds o'er that battle-plain,
And like as there when armies close,
 Foot to foot, and sword to sword,
With devilish fury to oppose
 Each other, both in deed and word ;
So, at length, those dark clouds meet,
And soon appear one awful sheet
Of dismal darkness, heaven veiling,
And maddening all beneath to wailing.

Whither from danger shall I retire ?
For one unceasing stream of fire
Bursts from the clouds, as from the fount
Of Ætna's fearful burning mount ;
And it hisses amidst the melting hail,
Which falls as if it ne'er would fail.
The wind howls loud, and the pines are bent
To earth ; and the oak's broad arms are rent
From the solid trunk, which the lightning hits,
And to its roots in horror splits.
Earth, sea, and sky, in flame and smoke
 Seem wrapp'd, while ever and anon
The thunder peals, as if there spoke
 The fearful voice of the Mighty One !

My shelter is scanty and dangerous too,—
Ah ! why did I stay the storm to view ?
The next flash of lightning may steal my breath,
So lightly we're balanced 'twixt life and death :
 While Fate keeps one thought in the scale of
 life
We may laugh at Death and his reeking knife :
When Fate throws her thoughts into Death's
 heavy scale
Our mirth departs, and our life-springs fail :
And Fate is as changeable as the blast—
This moment, perhaps, may be my last !

STANZAS.

HAST thou seen a black cloud
In the blue sky depend,
Like as if 't did a shroud
To the sailor portend ;
And far o'er the water
Its gloomy shades throw,—
Like a warrior 'mid slaughter
Bent over his foe ?

O'er the smooth cheek of ocean
The cool zephyrs creep ;
And a sparkling commotion
Is seen as they sweep.

But it soon grows more ruffled,—
Like fair woman's breast,
When by fears it is puffed,
Or denied a request.

Now it comes with more force,
And the foamy white spray
It creates in its course
Is soon hurried away.
The billows roll higher,
And loftier still ;
While Neptune's fierce ire
Doth ocean's breast thrill.

Grimmest darkness surrounds
And o'ershadows the deep :
Loud and dismal the sounds
Of the blasts, as they sweep
In their fury, while o'er
The foam swiftly borne
Re-echo's the roar
Of ocean uptorn.

The cloud opens wide—
Forth a thunder-bolt quivers ;
Then descends tow'rds the tide,
And the reeling mast shivers
Of the first barque it meets
On the watery hell ;
While the thunder defeats
The poor seamen's " Farewell !"

Down they sink 'neath the foam ;
And their sad funeral dirge,
As they meet their last home,
Wildly sings the hoarse surge.
The tempest rolls on—
Phœbus smiles o'er the deep ;
But the mischief is done,
And the billows soon sleep !

It is thus in the world,—
In the business of life,
Amid calms we are hurl'd
To a deep hell of strife.

Misfortune's rough surge,
And the blasts of distress,
Never cease us to urge,
Till we yield to their press.

Then the tears of each wreck,
Which our *own wreck* has made,
Our biers brightly deck
As we sink in the shade :
But the smiles of our foes
In gay mockery shine
When death in repose
Has low laid us, supine.

VERSES.

'Tis sweet by the pale moon to stray,
And watch her beams on the streamlet play,
While plaintive Philomel, close by,
Asks, in the shady grove, a sigh.

Too glorious is the sun to watch ;
The stars we ne'er in quiet catch ;
But Cynthia's orb is so still and fair,
She makes us almost worship her.

Beneath her beams the lover's tale
Comes softly murmuring, like the gale
That wafts back to his troubled breast
His fair-one's soothing words of rest ;

And then the bosom sad and lorn,
Beneath her smiles will cease to mourn :
While peace seems hovering o'er the mind.
And care and sorrow flee behind.

Oh ! there's such sweetness in that hour
When the world seems yielding to her power,
And all is gloominess, though night
Seems trembling in her silvery light.

She looks like a maid o'erwhelm'd with ill,
Yet smiling—melancholy—chill :
So sweetly calm she doth appear—
So silent—beautifully clear !

TO FANNY.

WHILE gazing on a star of light
 Throwing from heaven its beams so bright,
 As if 't was careless of its sphere,
 And only twinkled earth to cheer,
 I thought, my love, it look'd like *thee*,
 When smiling thou dost gaze on *me*.

But thus I meditative said—

“ Alas! and must that star grow dull,
 And be no more replenish'd

With beams so bright and beautiful?
 Then wherefore mourn that, Fanny dear,
 An earthly body, must decay,
 Since heavenly ones in their career,
 Are likewise doom'd to pass away!”



DEATH AND MOMUS.

DEATH stood on a mountain, and sought a soul,
Which his dictum might rend from its carnal
goal :

But the mountain was bare of human fare—
Nought but some sheep were bleating there.
He look'd o'er the sea, and there saw a ship,
And she seem'd, like a gull, in the waters to dip ;
But, though sinners and saints of all nations
stood

On her decks, yet he whelm'd none in the flood.
He look'd o'er a plain, and thousands saw,
But none that were there did he value a straw,
For he knew they were his any day he might
name ;

And he now was in search of more exquisite
game.

Then, skyward he fled : and, in looking down,
His eye fell by chance on a certain town,

Where, gazing around, the victim he found
Which he had been seeking, and on him *frown'd* !
Yet, HE heeded not Death, nor his dark grimace,
But shook his head and laugh'd in his face ;
Which, when Death saw, with his hollow eyes,
His spiritless bones rattled loud with surprise ;
And quoth he, " I must leave him awhile to his
will—

He is not ready for me to kill !"
For his nature had been, since his very birth,
To laugh at all danger, and make of it mirth,
And charm with his wit the dull people of earth.

But Death, one day, being out on a stroll,
Peeping for victims through every hole—
Prying from palace to clay-built hut,
Found this dauntless soul in a parlour shut ;
He was sitting alone, and a tear dimm'd his eye,
Which Death with a horrible smile did espy,
For that day he had seen the unhappy end
Of his firmest—sincerest earthly friend,
Which squeezed from his eye the unlucky tear,—
The first, and the only one, e'er he shed here ;
For he felt himself then as if buried alive—



Ah ! who at the death of a friend can connive ?
The bitterest grief our breasts ever probes
Is the sight of a friend in his burial robes !

Death seized the advantage the moment he saw
No smile on his face, but a look of awe,
And knowing, full well, if he had but a chance,
He'd treat him as though but the ghost of
Romance,

Like a craven assassin he crept close behind him,
And lifting his hand for the blow he design'd
him,

He struck him so sudden—so true—and so
hard,

That he fell without even "preparing to guard."

But what confounded the pride of Death,
As the last gasp came forth of his victim's
breath ;

The merriest look he ever had seen
Dwelt on his features, so pale and serene ;
And the sweetest of smiles play'd round his lips,
As Death's gloomy shadow his soul did eclipse !

SONNET.

A CLOUD eclipses the ethereal blue
 Of heaven's extended arch; and Sol doth
 smile

As down the West he journeys on the while,
 Seeming to mock us with his sweet adieu.
 See, how athwart the sky unto our view

Jehovah sends his *Bow*, to soothe our care,
 And raise our admiration of each hue
 That glitters in soft smiles so radiant there—
 Like fervent Hope mocking at dark Despair.
 It is the sign He promised when the flood
 Subsided, to be by us understood,

When darkening clouds are gathering in the
 air,

His sacred oath's remember'd still, nor more
 Will He destroy the world, as once of yore!



STANZAS.

BURST, burst, my heart!—
 For why wilt thou so long retain
 This aching smart,
 Which, day by day, seems but to gather pain,
 As though it never would be soothed again;—
 Until no more
 Burns that *spark* which *too* long hath lain
 Within its core.

The world appears
 An unbecoming place for those
 Whose sighs and tears
 Cease not to flow, though they grant no repose
 Unto their breasts' unconquerable woes :
 The dark cold tomb
 Seems *their* own place!—when will it close
 Around in gloom?

I long to feel
The chilling lengths of earth's poor worm
Across me steal !
Ere long it must ransack this mortal form,
And revel in it, heedless of the storm
Howling above ;
Within my breast its brood shall swarm,
And live—*on love* !

My spirit longs
To quit this place of hollow mirth,
And the vile tongues
That spread fell discord like a plague o'er earth,
Ne'er ceasing to create dearth after dearth
Of peace and pleasure ;
Till the immeasurable girth
Scarce holds the measure !

Oh ! how I hate
All those I daily see, who walk
In glittering state,
With preconcerted words,—taming their talk
That they may sure at fame and honour hawk !



With haughty heat
I ne'er to highest place did stalk
And take my seat ;

And yet, my soul
Has felt keen disappointment's pangs !
Around its goal
Full many a worthless name all mouldering
hangs
Of those who *were* my *friends* !—I've felt their
bangs
Of pride and scorn ;
I've heard their calumnious bows' harsh twangs.
And insult borne !


My soul is tired ;—
I long to break this chain, and flee
Where none are fired
With scorn — pride — hate — pain — love — or
calumny !
But, how dare I aspire to realms of glee—
To heavenly mirth ?
Ah ! I must first learn patiently
To live on earth !

AWAY, DULL CARE !

AWAY, dull Care !—away—away !
In solitude no more I'll stray,
But join the laughing throng of earth,
And feed my breast, perforce, with mirth.

Why should I love to stray alone,
And ponder on the days by-gone ?
The sweetest hours of life I'm losing
While upon empty shadows musing.

The babbling brook may roll apace—
Let others sigh o'er its glassy face ;
The smiles of maidens, sweet and fair,
Shall lure my soul from sorrowing there.



No more within the gloomy grove
My heart shall sink—my feet shall rove ;
Fair lady's bower at midnight hour,
I ween, hath more enchanting power.

The friends I once was wont to spurn,
To mope within my room and mourn,
Shall see me now my tears forsake,
And freely of their joys partake.

The smiles of friends more wholesome are
Than hours of watching some lone star ;
The bowl will yield much more delight
Than gazing upon Cynthia bright.

Mirth is the offspring of the vine ;
Laughter, the offspring of its wine ;
And *Love* is born of woman's smiles,
And who can scorn his pleasing wiles ?

Ah ! wherefore, then, for causeless woe,
Should I sweet smiles or wine forego ?
Or why forsake the mazy dance,
And yield to listless stupor's trance ?

Away, dull Care—away—away !
In solitude no more I'll stray,
But join the laughing throng of earth,
And feed my breast, perforce, with mirth !

THE DOG AND THE RAT.

A FABLE.

A PUPPY-DOG—whose innocence
 Had never given man offence,
 Nor woman either, save * * *
 * * * * *
 Which children, on their mother's dresses,
 Will often do amidst caresses—
 Was doom'd to dwell within a barn,
 And there to murder vermin learn ;
 Such sentence on him was decreed
 Through being of a savage breed.

But rats (with which the barn abounded)
 This worrier of their kind surrounded !
 First one poked out his whisker'd nose,
 And then another smell'd him close ;

Then all with one accord ran back,
As if expecting an attack ;
But seeing no assault was made,
To come again they all essay'd,
And shortly quite familiar grew ;
As showmen and their beasts will do,
Till some offence the one may lead,
To bite off basely th'other's head.

Now Time, who changes everything—
Especially courtiers and their king,
Or, rather, *Queen*, I ought to say,
Since we are ruled by "ladye gaye"—
Now Time, I say, for ever changing
Our bodies, and oft heads deranging,
Improved this puppy-dog in stature,
Yet much embitter'd his sweet nature ;
So that he growl'd, and look'd as antique
As ladies when they grow pedantic,
Turning his eyes on all that came,
As if he every one would blame,
For which no reason he could show,
Excepting that he "ought to do ;"

And frown'd with such becoming awe,
He might have been the heir-at-law
Of all the place—or an attorney,
Who, how to be a rogue would teach ye ;
And as he frequent gazed around him,
Scorn'd the paltry chain that bound him ;
Like monarchs, who, not *quite* despotic,
Look on their subjects as *exotic*—
That is, they think, be't understood,
Themselves *sound clay*—their people *mud* ;
Forgetting that it is the people
Who feed the clerk, and prop the steeple,
Which they can any day pull down,
And leave the preacher but *his gown*.

Howe'er, it happen'd on a day,
The owner of this "beast of prey"
Determin'd to eject the vermin,
Which had, like bees, began a-swarming
Within his barn ; and so, invited
His neighbours, who in blood delighted,
To come and have some "glorious fun,"
With pikel—bludgeon—dog—and gun ;

All which were instruments of death
To stop this whisker'd people's breath.

Just at the finis of the fray
A rat was seen to steal away—
An ancient rat—whose grey moustachios
Were long and strong as any pasha's ;
Fast and bravely was he tripping,
Running—hopping—leaping—skipping,
When the aforesaid “ beast ” with fury
Pursued him in a desperate hurry,
And just was on the point of making
A grab, and his hot vengeance slaking,
When, in the last extremity
Of fell despair and misery,
Suddenly the rat made halt,
And for a moment stay'd th' assault,
For dog fell o'er him “ neck and crop,”
So of necessity did stop.
But as he did himself uprear,
The rat, in agony, cried—“ Hear ! ”
Which summons could but be obey'd ;
And thus he further to him said :—



“ Oh ! shut those foaming jaws of death,
Which pant to take away my breath !
Hast thou forgotten, ruthless one !
Thy youthful days, for ever gone ?
And has thy heart so callous grown,
That it is changed at last to stone ?
Dost thou remember not the days,
And nights, we’ve sported in the rays
Of Sol’s congenial heat and light,
And Cynthia’s chilly beams so bright ?
The hours and days we’ve spent together,
Alike in fair or rainy weather,
When thou wert young and I not aged ?
With *thee* I never was enraged,
Although I saw thine imbecility,
And knew full well my own agility ;
Yea, it alone was my advice
That rescued thee from murder thrice ;
And had I known we only cherish’d
A viper, thou hadst long since perish’d !”

Thus did the haughty dog reply :—

“ But times are alter’d—so am I.

The events thou speakest of are true,—
I recollect them well—and you :
But still, to save my honour, thou
That head within these jaws must bow.
I cannot suffer thing so mean
(Although we have acquainted been)
With me upon the earth to bide,
To be a thorn within my side ;
Knowing with such an ugly thing
As thou, I ever deign'd to fling
The straws about in foolish play ;
And know that thou wilt often say
Unto thy hated multitude
While staring from your holes, so rude,
' That dog and I have play'd together
Many an hour'—I break the tether !"
Scarce had he spoken ere one grasp
Squeezed from the rat his latest gasp,
And on the ground he mangled lay,
Mock'd by this bloody beast of prey.

Thus is it often with the sons of men,
Even with citizen and citizen.



When young and guileless they are wont to make
With any one acquaintance for the sake
Of passing off at play an hour or so,
Till, day by day, they quite familiar grow.
But time speeds on : one grows in strength and
health,
And Fortune, p'rhaps, may load his purse with
wealth ;
Then Pride—that fiend ! by mortals aye caress'd,
Although the constant torment of the breast,—
Sprouts with a tender shoot, till by degrees
Its roots are greater than the mightiest tree's.
They strike down every vein, and wend and bend,
Until they reach each toe's and finger's end.
The stalk shoots towering towards the sky,
No oak so strong as it—no palm so high !
Its branches spread about within the brain,
Until no sense, alas ! doth there remain.
He deems his old companions mere bug-bears—
Obnoxious things—the country's vilest tares ;
And shuns them as he would the ugliest toad
That e'er was seen to crawl along the road :
And if he dare (so hateful to his sight
Become the reptiles which could once delight)

To rid them from the earth his heart would fain
His delicate fingers in their warm blood stain !

Parents ! the moral of my fable learn,
Nor from my rugged verse in anger turn :—
*Let not your children with those children play
They'll scorn to call their friends another day.*



WHAT ELSE IS LOVE ?

WHAT else is Love but a maniac,
Void of sense as well as eyes ?
For every one he doth attack—
All art he scornfully defies.

No sex he spares—no rank; old age
He often lays a heavy tax on :
The young upon life's pilgrimage,
He drives for ever to distraction !

A COQUETTE.

A CLUMSY port, and a waddling gait,
With arms that would daunt a brazen pate ;
A forehead low, and a large double chin ;
Pug nose, plump cheeks, with dimples in ;
Wide mouth, dark teeth, and a squint in each
eye, —
Who'd think her student of Coquetry ?

GO BACK, GO BACK, YE GLISTENING
TEARS.

Go back, go back, ye glistening tears,
Nor stop upon my cheek !
Ye there imprint forgotten years,
And hours I dare not speak !
Consume yourselves within my brain,
Or, let my memory drink
Your heavy drops of bitter rain,
Till it shall cease to think.

In vain, in vain, I bid ye back !
A mortal is too weak :
Your footsteps force their silent track,
And burn upon my cheek.
Then, oh ! flow on and drown these eyes !
The cloud itself will weep
Ere it disclose the smiling skies ;
My sorrow will not sleep.

STANZAS.

ONE night I dreamt I pluck'd a lovely rose,
 On which refreshing dews of summer lay;
 When suddenly a bitter, keen blast froze
 Its moisture, and swept all its leaves away.

And as the desolated stalk I held,
 Within a moment fled its verdant hue;
 While my heart madly throb'd—my bosom
 swell'd,
 For in my hand it black and shrivell'd grew.

That morning I had been where Beauty dwelt,
 And bask'd beneath her dark and youthful eye;
 And felt my soul within its bright beams melt,
 As 'twas in pity bent to hear me sigh.

Few days had past away, ere (oh, my heart !)
That gentle maiden I beheld again ;
And still I feel the wildness of the smart
That thrill'd along my breast and stung my
brain !


No more " the dark charm of her eye " was
seen—
Her bloom of youth and beauty all were gone :
The spoiler, Death, with fire and sword had
been,
And left a bust—of lightning-stricken stone !

OH, LEAVE THE GAY AND SUNNY
SCENE.

OH, leave the gay and sunny scene,
Nor trifle out thy day
In pleasures, which, ere well they've been,
Have ever past away.

Though now too light thy generous heart
Joy's littleness to view ;
Beware—beware! it will depart,
And with a cold “ Adieu !”

Then hie thee from the glittering throng,
Where revelry is loud,
And woman's smile and seraph-tongue
With vainness are endow'd.



Go ; seek thee out some lone retreat,
And let it suit thy mood,
To hold a moment's converse sweet
With stilly Solitude.

There make Philosophy thy friend—
'Twere better sip the stream
Of Lethe, than thy spirits spend
In Folly's sensual dream.

Then, leave the gay and sunny scene,
Nor trifle out thy day
In pleasures, which, ere well they've been,
Have ever past away !

SMILE—OH, SMILE ONCE MORE !

SMILE—oh, smile once more !

And let me see thine eyes shine bright,
While through my anxious breast they pour
Their beams of light !

'Twas so they smiled when first I saw thee—

'Tis mete they so should smile again,
And cheer my soul with their sweet lustre—

Can my dearest smile in vain ?

No !—Though Fortune ne'er caress'd us,

Glittering with the wealth of earth :

Yet, the Fates, more kind, have bless'd us

With a pure and peaceful hearth !

Then, smile—oh, smile once more, &c.

Can the gewgaws of the worldling,
When within his hall alone,
Still the throbbings of his bosom,
Or give his sighs a happier tone ?
No !—*His* are but worthless treasures
When compared with those *I* know ;—
Thy sweet smiles to gild my pleasures—
Thy sweet voice to soothe my woe !
Then smile—oh ! smile once more, &c.

Above us both gaunt Time has hover'd,
And is wheeling round us still ;
But we will not fear his talon—
Not yet his dazzling eye shall kill !
No !—Though Hope's oft unbelieving,
Time will grant us moments sweet :
He has pleasures worth receiving,
More than "worlds laid at our feet !"
Then smile—oh ! smile once more, &c.

TO P—— D——.

FORGIVE and forget!—why, my soul would feel
lonely,

My bosom a wilderness left to deform,
Were my memory to cherish our bickerings only,
And Friendship turn pallid as anger grew
warm.⁽¹⁾

The sun went not down on my wrath, though it
set

O'er my heart's *feign'd* displeasure—my soul's
un-feign'd sorrow:
And shall it again find us both in *a pet*,
Nor forgiveness glow bright ere the sun does,
to-morrow?

Oh, no ;—all my anger has fled from my breast,
Which only feels heavy through having
offended :

The dark demon, Malice, for her foot found no
rest

In its cell—though Hypocrisy there was be-
friended.

Then, why should “ the light of the days that
have gone

Fade away,” like a mist at th’ approach of
the sun ?

It must not be so !—and yet, *confidence*, shaken,
Will oft to repentance the dreary heart waken.

I lifted my hand, and I’ve given a blow ;
That blow was return’d in vexation’s hot glow,
And Friendship it shook on her crystalline
throne,
And struck from her bright crown the costliest
stone.

She mourns the misfortune with tear-swollen
eyes,

Yet, it can't be repair'd, though they gush till
she dies :—

In a thousand small atoms 'tis spread to the
view,

And each shatter'd part bears a different hue !

HARK ! THE WAR-DRUM BEATS !

**HARK ! the war-drum beats !
The trumpet sounds alarm !
Each chieftain from his slumber starts,
And shouts—" To arms, men !—arm !"
Then a rattle through the camp
Confusedly is breaking,
While each man, with bounding bosom,
Is his dewy couch forsaking
To buckle on his helmet and clasp his ashen
spear—
The enemy to scatter :
Should he fail—what matter ?
His country's eyes their tears will shed upon the
hero's bier.**

Hark ! the war-drum beats !
 The trumpet sounds alarm !
 Each chieftain from his slumber starts,
 And shouts—"To arms, men !—arm !"

See ! how the sons of war,
 Within Sol's earliest beam
 Are glittering in their armour bright
 Beneath their banner's stream !
 Not a sound as they advance—
 Save the clanking of their steel—
 Is heard among that company ;
 But they feel, they inly feel
 That silence thrilling through them as they
 bravely march along
 To join the elating strife,
 And trample out man's life,
 Or joyfully lay down their own the thickest foes
 among.

See ! how the sons of war,
 Within Sol's earliest beam
 Are glittering in their armour bright
 Beneath their banner's stream !


And hark ! the martial music
Rises sweetly on the blast ;
But to its joyous melody
Few'll march when daylight's past !

“ On ! on, boys, to the charge !
Our homes against the foe !
Let the thoughts of those who love us there
Give force to every blow ! ”
They mingle in the slaughter with a fearful shout
of glee—
Mow down the foeman's flanks,
And break through his ranks ;
And soon throughout the field resounds their
cheer of “ Victory ! ”
And hark ! the martial music
Rises sweetly on the blast ;
But to its joyous melody
Few march now daylight's past !

The shout—the clash of war—
What thrilling sounds to hear !
The gathering of ten thousand arm'd
How glorious they appear !

Oh ! the soldier's life for me—
So spirit-stirring 'tis ;
A dreary dull monotony
Is every life but his !

'Tis his to save the land that gave himself and
parents birth ;
And he who yields his life
Amid war's fiery strife,
His memory will honour'd be—his fame resound
o'er earth :
And, though the martial music
After battle fills the gale,
What worthier notes than its can form
The warrior's funeral wail ?



TO ———

WHY did my bosom in its idle mood
Direct my steps upon thy solitude,—
To break the peace that reigned so sweetly there,
And mar thy smiles with bitter tears of care ?

Oh ! 'twas not that I wish'd again to see
The face that once was beautiful to me ;
Nor that I long'd again that lip to press
From which so oft I sipp'd—ah ! but *distress* !

Too true—too true, thine image is impress'd
Upon the tablets of my dreary breast !
And 'twas the memory of the silent *past*
That made me seek thee—look—and stand
aghast !


Oh ! would to heaven !—and yet I fain would
trace

That fearful blush once more upon thy face,—
Would trace again upon thy guilty cheek
The sorrow which both feel, but dare not speak!—

Oh ! would to heaven ! the gaze which then I
took,

Might be the latest, as the saddest look !
And that to me, thou mightst become as one,
Whom never yet through life mine eyes have
known.

But vain, alas, is all attempt to drive
One thought away of her no Saint can shrive ;
And still, oh, still my heart till death must love
Thy gentle soul, though lost to heaven above !



WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

AN ODE.

A CLOUD hung over France whose hue
 The people did bemoan ;
 Till from its womb fierce lightnings flew,
 And round terrific shone ;
 And as its thunder loudly peal'd,
 All bloody, quivering, headless, reel'd
 The Monarch from his throne !⁽¹⁾

Then long was heard Rebellion's roar,
 As danced, with Maniac glee,
 The men of death in Royal gore,
 Rehearsing—" Liberty ! " ⁽²⁾
 Till neighbouring nations were alarm'd,
 And hastily their legions armed
 For death or victory !

But on that land a Meteor burst,
And Europe saw its blaze ;
And many a child in tears has curst
The splendour of its rays :
For Kings shrank from their thrones in fright,
O'erwhelm'd with its empyreal light,
Or basely sought to praise.

From pole to pole the echo flew
That toll'd its dreaded name ;
And every day more brilliant grew
The *redness* of its fame :
For as o'er earth it did dilate,
The blood of millions could not sate
Its thirst—nor quench its flame !

To still Rebellion's furious voice
Ere long it did succeed ;
And then to rein Gaul did rejoice,
As ye would rein a steed ;
And forward urged to glorious graves,
Or victory, the gallant slaves
Who learn'd in smiles to bleed. (4)

Along the desert's burning sands
This ignis-fatuus flew ;
Then sought the Sclavi's icy lands,
But thence pale, chill'd, withdrew :
And from that day, although in state
On an imperial throne, it sate,—
More faint its lustre grew !

There is a bound to everything—
The ocean has its rock ;
When once the bee exerts her sting,
She wastes life's little stock :
Man is but as a blade of grass,
Nor can a certain limit pass
Without a mortal shock.

Had but of this Napoleon thought,
(The *Meteor* of my lay)
And not for *all or nothing* sought,
France still had borne his sway ;
But like the billow, with its roar,
He rose—came dashing to the shore—
There broke—and past away !

Like all before him who have sought
To rule the world alone,
He found his fame too dearly bought—
His might too swiftly flown :
Jehovah must all nations rule !
For in His hands man's but a tool,
Though seated on a throne.

On Erin's emerald isle arose
A *star* of brilliancy :
It shot among Britannia's foes,
And backwards made them flee ;
For which she named it " Wellington ;"
'Gainst whom came proud Napoleon,
And lost his liberty !

In Britain there is many a *gem*—
The fairest, on the throne !—
More worthy of a diadem
Than England's Queen there's none !
Yet, worthiest of Britannia's isles,
The people's love, and royal smiles,
Is—brave old *Wellington* !

At Talavera he withstood
The legions of the Gaul :
He turn'd the stream of conquest's flood
At Salamanca's wall.
Vimeiro, and the Douro's banks,
Beheld the weak, dishearten'd Franks
Before "*Sir Arthur*" fall !

He won the fight that made us *great* ;
Placed Princes on their thrones ;
Scared the Usurper from the state
His pride had strewn with bones.
Through him the war-drum ceased to beat—
Through him grew cold the cannon's heat—
He hush'd the captive's groans !

The *Lion* upon Waterloo
To ages yet to be,
Shall tell *who* from the battle flew—
Who gain'd the victory !—
Shall, trembling, roar—" Napoleon !"
But bless the name of Wellington,
Who set the nations free !

Then who shall dare to raise a voice
Against the victor-chief?—
At need he was Britannia's choice,
Nor fail'd to bring relief:—
Oh! may his soul, without alloy,
The honours he has gain'd enjoy;
Nor yet his days be brief!

What care we for his *politics*?
Yield honour to the hoary;
He does not cherish knavish tricks,
Though branded as a *Tory*!
He has immortalized his name!
We'll bless the land from whence he came,
And gild his crown of glory!

AN EPIGRAM

FOR THE WORKER OF IT

MORTAL! behold! interred within
This grave decays a mass of sin.
Which Satan found on earth to fill
Who guerdon'd him not till meniality
For Passion ruled his soul and body
And Love esteem'd him as a *whore*;
And every species of wild thought
His spongy brain in rapture sought.
For *there* all nonsense found a "judgment."
Though he possessed no thought worth
"judgment:"
For Vanity within his breast
Found for her foot a welcome rest.

And exercised so much her rule,
She always made him seem a fool,
Through which he often would despair,
Instead of conqu'ring her and Care.

But Death, who pities every wise man—
The prince, the beggar, and exciseman—
Took pity upon him, and gave
His kindest boon—a peaceful grave!
Thinking the grave the fittest place
For one abhorr'd by all his race;
Full well aware there is no peace
Where bickerings will never cease,
And where *Pride*—that mis-shapen strumpet—
For aye sounds calumny's loud trumpet.

Mortal!—pass on; and frown or laugh—
'Thou canst not weep—o'er this epitaph.

STANZAS.

I saw her watch beside his couch
 When sickness press'd his bosom sore ;
 And mark'd her soul within her crouch,
 To think his days must soon be o'er ;
 I saw his eye upraised to hers,
 And, steadfast, seem to ask for life,
 While his faint voice would whisper prayers
 For her who *was to be* his wife.

The morn he died, I saw that maid,
 In all the frenzy of despair,
 Upon her couch of sorrow laid,
 And wildly rend her jetty hair.
 No tear-drop moisten'd her dark eye,
 So madly burn'd her furious brain ;
 The "fountain of her grief" was dry—
 Her very soul seem'd parched again !

But, he was laid within the grave,
To moulder there, and be forgot!
By whom?—could Nora so behave,
Her lover to remember not?—
Could she forget his last cold kiss,
When Death's thin fingers careless roved
O'er his pale brow, and chill'd the abyss
Of that fond heart, which dearly loved?

Can she forget his last, last look,
When dim and horny grew his eye?—
When life his quivering frame forsook,
And mounted to its home on high?
Yea!—she forgets! and HAS forgot
Their hours of rapture and delight,
While dreaming of their future lot,
When Hope shed round her beams so bright.

Yes,—she forgets!—no more, no more
Can HE return,—why should SHE mourn?—
The dove will seek another shore
When from her side her mate is torn:

And she has sought another land,
And she has found another *dove*,
That claims her heart, her kiss, her hand ;
That claims her duty—faith—*her love* !

Then, let her love ! and let her weep !
And let her heart, once widow'd, bless
Her present idol !—let her steep
Her memory in forgetfulness !
But still, methinks, there is a tie
In love which time should never shake ;—
The image of the memory,
Oh ! not even Death should dare to break !

LINES ON AN OLD TOWNSMAN.

His days are in " the yellow leaf ;"
 He fades before the blasts of grief :
 His hoary head—his livid cheek—
 His eye, which waxes dull and weak—
 His wrinkled brow—alike presage
 How soon must end his pilgrimage !

And shall we leave his virtues lonely,
 And recollect his failings only ?
 Shall we forget his charity,
 Which Malice calls *hypocrisy* ?
 Shall we forget his widow'd bosom,
 Where mercy's always seen to blossom ?
 We may condemn his boisterous tongue,
 Which ever does himself more wrong
 Than any of his neighbours :—he
 Has passions, truly,—have not *we* ?

Then let us not his breast condemn,
 But soften our own bilious phlegm ;
We can but see the *outer* man—
The inner, God, alone. can scan !
 If he has faults for Judgment's rod,
 Let him settle them with his God !
 It is enough for us to know
 He only hates his country's foe ;
 And 'tis sufficient, sure, for us
 To know that he is generous,
 Without vain ostentation ; and
 Can pity those he does command ;
 For, though he wears a mask so stern,
 With pardons does his bosom burn ;
 He knows the price of peace and love,
 That they are blessings from above,
 And that he dare not hope for heaven
 If by him man is unforgiven.

Then, let all those who feel aggrieved
 At aught they have in him perceived,
 Ere with them he shall cease to live,
 Study that virtue—*to forgive!*

AN EPITAPH.

AROUND thee look—and what dost thou behold?
Mementos, only, of the shroud-enroll'd !
Then, let them tell thee Death respects nought
 human,
For every thing must die—even lovely woman !
The poor—the rich—the weak—the powerful-
 grown,—
Must lie like us, and leave a name alone ;
Which, as within the grave their corpses rot,
Will lightly be remember'd, then—forgot !

WOMAN'S TEAR.

“Man for his glory
 To ancestry flies ;
 But woman's bright story
 Is told in her eyes.”—MOORE.

WE kiss'd when we parted—we kiss'd when we
 met,
 And a tear at each time dimm'd her bright eye
 of jet,
 As she hid in my bosom her beautiful face,
 While closer she clung to her lover's embrace.


Oh ! sweet is the tear-drop by fair woman shed
 On the breast of the living, or the shroud of the
 dead ;
 And nothing so dear is, to man's sterner part,
 As *that gem* wept for him in her fondness of
 heart !

I love to behold it within her dark eye,
Like rain in the thunder-cloud wrapping the sky;
For her soul, while it stands there, seems ready
to sever
From her breast, and commingle with ours for
ever.

In silence it tells its unspeakable tale,
But will o'er the darkest of bosoms prevail;
For who that hath watch'd its small sparkling
sphere
Never felt his love grow more sublime and
sincere?

Should trouble or grief overshadow his brow,
How soon does her bright tear of sympathy flow!
Should peril surround him, her glistening tear
Swiftly nerves his weak sinews to battle with
fear.

Does sickness attack him?—behold her again,
With a tear-drop of pity soothing every pain!
Or, does Friendship prove false?—with a tear in
the lids
Of her eyes, to “forget it” she ^{smiling} ~~smiling~~ bids.



We know by that crystal that melts on her
cheek,
Her affections are strong, though her nature is
weak ;
And we *hear* in that crystal a spirit declare
That her truth is as lasting as heaven is fair !

'Tis the first sign that tells when her heart is
once fix'd,
And we know by that sign that her love is un-
mix'd ;
'Tis the first dew that blesses our innocent birth—
'Tis the last that falls warm on our perishing
earth !

Oh ! where has man's race ever dwelt for a time,
And the tear of frail woman ne'er been shed in
that clime ?
And nothing more exquisite e'er will be found
Than woman's fond tear, through the world's
"varied round."

FAREWELL TO ERIN.(*)

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare-thee-well!"—MOORE.

Fare-thee-well, Erin!
 I haste o'er thy sea,
 In my breast bearing
 An emblem of thee!

The *shamrock* I wear in my bosom shall tell
 Of the land I've been roaming in, rocky and
 green,
 Where vainly for freedom each bosom doth
 swell,
 For they still must be slaves, as they ever
 have been!

Yet, whom are they bound to ?—a nation call'd
“ free ”—

Though girt by the shackles of discord and
hate,

Till it looks, oh ! dark Erin ! more hideous than
thee,

As o'er it are gathering the clouds of its
fate !

Oh, England—my country ! thou “ Queen of
the ocean ! ”

Art thou doom'd, alas ! in thy glory to fade ?
For the bigoted FEW, shall that generous emo-
tion

That once thrill'd thy children no more be
display'd ?

Shall Erin (thy sister) though poverty-stricken,
Cry in vain to a land, long renown'd because
“ free ? ”

The creature that wantonly lets others sicken
For want at its feet, is accurs'd—*too like
thee !*

Well, well may'st thou call her a priest-ridden
land,

Which she always will be whilst thou'rt deaf
to her cries ;

Yet, take her but once, like a friend, by the
hand—

Kiss the tear from her cheek—and all bigotry
flies !

Too long has she pour'd her complaint in thine
ears—

Too long hast thou laugh'd at her sorrows
and woes !

And the days fast approach when her sighs and
her tears

Will be *thine*—for all nations around are thy
foes !

But, lament not thy poverty, Isle of the West !

For the land that gave birth to the patriot-
bard Moore—

Burke—Grattan—and Sheridan,—needs must
be blest ;

Through names so immortal, thou canst not
be poor !

And though England discard thee, in vain may
she boast

Of the *Star* that is decking her prominent
brow,—

The hero of Waterloo came from thy coast—

But for him—what had Britain, the boaster,
been now ?

Ah ! smile at her boasting, and laugh at her
hate !

There are souls yet within her that love thee
sincerely,

And but for a bright opportunity wait

To hasten thy freedom and love thee more
dearly !

There are chivalrous hearts, still to gallantry
true,

Who to see but a tear in thy daughters' dark
eyes,

Would fly to their rescue the hot battle
through,

And deem cheaply bought with their blood
such a prize.

Oh, yes, lovely Erin ! though sad is thy story,
And almost like Greece, thou'rt a country of
slaves,
Yet, yet there is coming a bright hour of glory,
When your spirits shall rise, like the dead
from their graves !
Yes, Innisfail ! Innisfail ! yet thou'lt be free,
And wear on thy features a happier smile
Than England ;—or him who now hastes o'er
thy sea,
And pours his farewell to thy beautiful Isle !

Fare-thee-well, Erin !
I haste o'er thy sea,
In my breast bearing
An emblem of thee ! (*)

OH, IF I TOLD THEE.

Oh, if I told thee half the sorrow
I feel—even when with thee—
Too deeply would thy fond soul borrow
The hues of misery.

My heart is sad :—I oft have told
The story to thine ear,
But never dare the cause unfold,
Lest *thou* shouldst shed a tear.

Then, oh, forbear—forbear to ask
What makes my aspect sad ;
I soon would wear a smiling mask
If *that* would make me glad.

TO ZOË.

OH ! deem not that the eye that sparkles glad-
ness

Bespeaks a bosom full of peace and joy—
Alas, too oft it is a sign of sadness,
Even as a sunbeam gilding a dark sky !

Still—still, my love, thou must remember yet
How oft thou hast beheld my soul in grief;
And watch'd my eyes with big bright tears grow
wet
As thou hast forced a smile for my relief.

Oh, I have suffer'd long a deeper woe
Than words can tell, or tears or sighs proclaim;
And thou alone didst ward the threaten'd blow,
Which would have mark'd my fate with lasting
shame.

Few know the pangs of a remorseful soul—
Fewer the anguish of a breaking heart !
They are beyond or Faith's or Love's control,
Yet they of my existence are a part.

I've courted Friendship till the very name
Is worse than sorrow—for it breeds despair ;
Since of the many hearts I've sought to claim,
Thine is the only one whose love I share.

Oh ! blessed be the hearth which thou dost tread,
For where thou art a smile on all will shine :
The deepest grief that holds my heart in dread
Is lest my love for thee should e'er decline.

I have beheld thee in the bloom of youth—
I long to see thee in declining age ;
And aye would love thee with the purest truth,
And leave this world when thou dost quit its
stage.

What is my hope without thee ?—what my joy ?
I hear of Pleasure, but I know her not ;
Save, only, when thy faithful, watchful eye
O'er me is bent,—then, *then*, is joy my lot !

STANZAS.

OH! run thy fingers o'er those keys
 Once more to that delicious tune ;
 It melts a heart that Care would freeze,
 Ere life has reach'd its sunny noon.
 It speaks to me of bygone days,
 When every hour a joy possess'd ;
 When Friendship (now, alas, gone crazed !)
 Blest each young bosom, and was blest.

The bird transported from the land,
 Where first it breathed the genial air,
 Forgets it,—cherish'd by the hand
 Of hospitable foreigner :
 But kindred souls, once met in youth,
 Should to each other constant cling ;
 Though parted, Memory and Truth
 Should scare away Oblivion's wing.

TO FANNY.

DEAR FANNY ! when I first beheld
That graceful form of thine,
How like a little billow swell'd
This anxious breast of mine !
For oft in many a blissful dream
When Fancy hover'd o'er me,
Has Beauty, bright with every beam
Of heaven, appeared before me ;
Yet never did she seem so fair—
So lovely—happy—free !
And angel never (bent in prayer)
More glorious look'd than thee.

But wherefore should my bosom beat,
Or swell with frequent sighs ?
To love thee would, 'tis true, be sweet
But love so quickly flies ;

And I, alas, am one of those
Who hate deceitful treasures :
I'd rather suffer constant woes
Than momentary pleasures.
Still, Fanny, though so cold I seem,
I'm not, believe me, so ;
Affection's lamp, with purest beam,
Doth in my bosom glow.

SONG.

FAIREST of mortals that ever was born !
Light of my soul when 'tis dark or forlorn !
My breast's charming fancy by night and by day—
Ah, why wilt thou flee from thy lover away ?

Has the worship I withheld from the Powers
 above,
And laid at the feet of my beautiful dove,
Lost the charm or the novelty which it acquired
When first thy young eyes my affections inspired ?

There once was a time when, thy bower to leave,
Was the signal that bade thee all bitterly grieve;
And long wouldst thou cling, with a fast-throb-
 bing heart,
And ask how the Fates could permit us to part.

Oh, why was my bosom so foolish and vain
As to think that thy fondness could suffer no
wane ?

Had I loved thee less earnestly—half so sincere,—
Thy loss had been borne without shedding a
tear.

But my heart was inflamed with romance and
with youth—

I loved thee to madness—I loved thee in truth ;
And I dream'd that love's fetters could never be
broke

As thy arms bound my neck, like the ivy its oak :

And I thought we were destined for ever to be
In union allied like that plant and its tree ;
And the more that the blasts of the world should
oppress,

The closer would be our attaching caress.

Then, dearest of Idols the heart ever knew !
Reprove, if it please thee, but say not " Adieu !"
Return to my bosom, sad, sad, and forlorn,
And forget with a smile what awaken'd thy scorn.

WHAT A RAMBLER IS LOVE.

WHAT a rambler is Love !—What a rambler is
Love!

His constancy lasts not a minute ;
Like the bee, he from each pretty flower doth
rove,
After sipping the honey within it.

His life is all spring, and he's aye on the wing,
A light-hearted urohin is he ;
And his greatest of joys is to hear soft sighs,
And a languishing eye to see.

From morning to night the Elfin sprite
Is hovering around our hearts ;
And his bow never rests tormenting our breasts
With his fidgiting Lilliput darts.

Neither frost, rain, nor hail, ever make his soul
quail,—

Through all seasons he is the same ;
Though his life begun 'neath the eye of the sun,
And he still courts its genial flame.

But were *I* a young woman—I swear by heaven,
I would pull little Love by the ears ;
And soon from my heart he should ever be
driven,
And I'd die an old maid, full of years :

For, a rambler is Love !—such a rambler is
Love !

His constancy lasts not a minute :
Like the bee, he from each pretty flower doth
rove
After sipping the honey within it.

STANZAS.

"To think I cannot meet a hand
 So warm as those I press'd in youth;
 To find the friendship proffer'd now
 Has more of treachery than truth."—ELIZA COOK.

OH! give me back my old, old friends—
 The happy playmates of my youth;
 For aye my memory to them tends,
 For they were bound in love and truth.

If accident or sickness frown'd,
 We with each other sympathized;
 And when in mischief we were found,
 The dreaded rod, alone, chastised;

And when one from amongst us died,
 We mourn'd not his untimely fate,
 But look'd to heaven, and joyful sigh'd
 To think that he was at its gate.

We deem'd the earth a pretty place,
And loved its birds, and trees, and flowers ;
And thought that they were surely base
Who said the world was full of sours.

But, give me back my friends again,
And childhood's pleasant, guileless times—
I've long since found that life's a pain,
And that the world's too full of crimes.

The creatures now misdeem'd our friends,
What are they ?—faithless parasites !
Who only love for their own ends—
Who make our sorrows their delights.

Friends of my youth ! ye've past away,
Or else are changed to enemies !
Oh, happy youth, too brief's thy day—
Thou almost mak'st me life despise !

LINES


WRITTEN ON RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO AN ANNUAL DINNER
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
1840.

WHEN the bold sons of Sparta went forth to the
fight,
To die for their land was their dearest delight ;
And their mothers rejoiced to behold them
return
On their bloody-stain'd shields high triumphantly
borne :
Then, shall *ours* be the weakness to mourn for
the brave,
Who fell for their country on Trafalgar's wave ?

No—no ! we'll rejoice, like those matrons of
Greece,
And invoke all their manes to rest them in
peace.

Then charge, Britons, charge !—not your
carbines, but *glasses* !—
Let none stop the bottle as around it swift
passes ;
And we'll drink to the shade of our bright
naval STAR—
To Nelson, the hero of red Trafalgar !

Oh, Memory—Memory ! beautiful spirit !
What glory through thee do the dead brave
inherit ;
For when Anarchy fain o'er the nation would
cast
Her hideous shackles, we think of the *past* ;
And all parties remembering this glorious day,
Around the board throng to be festive and gay ;
While the smiles of sweet Friendship drive
Hatred afar
As we drink to the heroes of red Trafalgar !



Then charge, Britons, charge!—not your *car-*
bines, but *glasses*!

Let none stop the bottle as around it swift
passes;

And we'll drink to the shade of our bright naval
star,

To Nelson, the victor of red Trafalgar!

ODE TO SPRING.

No more the huntsman winds his horn—
 It hangs against his trophied wall ;
 The idle pack, no more toil-worn,
 Rest undisturbed by Nimrod's call.
 The fiery steed is in his stall,—
 He feels no "pink" upon his back,
 So rests his hard-strain'd limbs withal,
 And laughs to scorn the weary hack.
 The gun no longer breathes with death—
 Hush'd is its hot and sulphurous breath ;
 Its place is in the armoury,
 Where none its twisted lips must charge.
 The *pointer* roves all carelessly,
 And recreates himself at large :
 For smiling Spring again returns ;
 No more despairing Nature mourns




The shortening day and lengthening night,
When Storm rides rough-shod o'er the globe's
Hard breast of adamant, and robes

The fields in mantles snowy white ;
But all her hours of cold and gloom
Have sunk within the silent tomb ;
And now, instead of tears and sadness,
The world delights in love and gladness ;
For Phœbus, with his genial fire
Awakes the uncontroll'd desire
In every breast, within whose cell
The spark of life is found to dwell.

The choral throng, in amorous lays,
With thrilling voices shake the air ;
While through the long and sunny days
In love each reptile drowns its care.
The sparkling stream, in music sweet,
Rolls gently on, reflecting heaven,
Which stoops down with a kiss to greet
Its shadow there, so bright and even .
And, like a sabre's flashing light
When life and death are met in fight,—
The scaly tribes are seen to dart,

With frolicsome, delighted heart.
And trees and shrubs, in proud display,
Put on their robes to welcome May :
And tender flowers, with love-sick hearts,
 Droop underneath the sun's warm rays,
Stricken by those bewitching darts
 Which Cupids shoot, and poets praise ;
Till through the light and yielding air
A weeping cloud the zephyrs bear
 Upon their secret whispering wings ;
And every blossom that did stoop
 Beneath the weight of love it bore
To Sol's fair beams, forgets to droop
 In flirting with the passing shower,
And breathes such balmy sighs aloft,
In accents so endearing, soft,
The very cloud's beguiled to stay
Until it melts in tears away,
 O'ercome by mortal languishings ;—
 For flowers are vain, coquetting things.

Oh, Spring ! thou mild and happy time—
Thou visitant from fairie clime—
Who com'st to dwell awhile below,



To soothe our overwhelming woe,—
Behold, each living thing on earth
 To thee its grateful tribute pays;
And man forsakes his lighter mirth
 To hail thee with a song of praise;
The gladden'd earth herself beholds thee now,
And at thy feet in harmony doth bow!

A COMPARISON.

Look on the Rainbow's varied dyes,
 There Beauty's self in glory lies :
 But, mark ! its place is in the storm ;
 The sun creates its heavenly form
 While glancing o'er the darkening cloud,
 Which soon will hide it like a shroud.
 E'en such is Beauty's life :—her birth
 Is aye 'midst storms, though cheered by
 mirth ;

But, ah ! her heavenly charms appear
 Only a few short moments here !—
 Her soul forgets its wonted faith—
 Distress intrudes upon her path—
 Her star of hope withdraws its ray,—
 Her happiness has past away !
 That moment when she brightest shone,
 She fainted—wither'd—and was gone !



TO ———.

I do not wish to quench your love's hot fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

OH ! turn thine eyes from Beauty's face ;
 For why delight to gaze
 Upon that elegance of grace
 Adorning woman's angel-race—
 The charmer of man's days ?
 Alas ! too soon grim Time disarms
 Her features of their heavenly charms,
 And mocks our worthless praise.

Though now so bright that eye of blue
 'Neath which thou dost recline,
 Think'st thou its present lovely hue
 Will never fade ?—thou never rue

Its vanish'd beams divine ?
Ay!—ere an hour hath o'er thee flown,
Its light and love may all be gone,
And thou mayst vainly pine.

Yet, deem not that I thee reprove
Because thou dost admire
The form of Beauty—heaven-born dove !
Which all who look upon must love,
Though some may quench Love's fire ;
I only wish thee to beware,
Lest she should 'whelm thee with despair,
That curse on fond Desire !

TO THE SNOWDROP.

FAIR plant, that bloomest in the winter season,
 With gladness I behold thee!—not because
 Thou'rt almost lonely now,—a loftier reason
 My admiration from my bosom draws.

While delicately bending on thy stalk,
 Whose healthful hue enlivens all around,
 I hear thee say (for flowers have learn'd to talk),
 “ In me is Modesty's resemblance found.”

Though chaste as snow before it reaches earth,
 Thou art not cold, though frigid seems thy
 bloom ;
 Nor scatterest thou around to increase thy worth,
 Like some coquette, luxurious perfume.

Nor frost nor snow thy spring-time doth retard,
Beneath the coldest blasts thou bloom'st
sedate :

And thus true virtue, which so few regard,
More lovely shines through every stress of
fate.

She wears no flighty looks to please the gay,
Nor for the fool extravagance of scent ;
And when Distress intrudes upon her way,
Her heart's found warm—her *sweetness* then
finds vent.

HE RESTS BENEATH.

He rests beneath the grave's cold sod,
For ever hid from sight :
His spirit stands before its God,
Within the realms of light,
Rejoicing with a holy mirth
In having aye forsaken earth.

Then, wherefore should we for him weep ?
Away, our foolish tears !
Why wish him here again—to reap
But infamy and years ?
For hoary locks and days of crime,
Are the sole gifts of wrinkled Time.

And yet, above the humblest grave
A weeping heart will bend ;
And though from death we could not save,
Our friendship shall not end :—
Ah ! no—we long will mourn above
A heart that well deserved our love !



AN EPITAPH.

KIND Memory will heave the sigh
Above the humblest hearts that die :
But Friendship claims a bitter tear ;
And all her bonds lie buried here !

OH, MINSTREL ! NEVER.

OH, Minstrel ! never sing again
Such plaintive notes unto me ;
They make me deem this world a den
Of fiends, who aye pursue me.
I'd gladly mix my sighs and tears
With thine, if they'd relieve us
From grieving over bygone years,
And hopes that but deceive us.
Then, Minstrel ! never sing again
Such plaintive notes unto me ;
They make me deem this world a den
Of fiends, who aye pursue me !

I've felt each woe thy song doth name,
But thought that I—I, only,
On earth was chasten'd with the same,
And so I wept all lonely :



But now I find that others, too,
Are prest by care and sorrow ;
And if we 'scape unhurt to-day,
Foes crush us on the morrow.
Then, Minstrel ! never sing again
Such plaintive notes unto me ;
They make me deem this world a den
Of fiends, who aye pursue me !

THE DEATH OF WINTER.

"And see where surly winter passes off."—THOMSON.

HEARD you that sound on yonder hill ?
'Twas the dying groan of Winter chill ;
Prostrate he writhes and sweats in pain—
Soon he will lie by a sun-beam slain.
Not a blast can he summon from its stormy cave
To bear on its wings the cloud ;
There will he wither without a grave,
And bleach beneath no shroud.
His icy tongue has begun to thaw,
And his pallid cheek grows paler ;
His coming doom he beholds with awe,
But around him he sees no wailer ;
And he gasps in a hydrophobious breath,
As he struggles with the choking arms of Death.



Many are the shapes which Death assumes,
And awful he is however he comes,
And there is not a creature who dreads him
not,—

He is even the Seasons' lot :
And they do not die with a single blow—
Their sickness is long and their death is slow,
And mighty the agonies they sustain !—
Naught else of creation could bear their pain !

Yet, dost thou ask why Winter's death
Should be so hard to bear ?
Look around thee and behold
Each thing that breathes the air :
The feather'd tribes—the cattle that graze—
The ravenous insect that weaves its maze,
And the harmless one spreading its gorgeous
wing—
The herb that shoots with an emerald spring—
The flowers that bloom, and man that rejoices,
With a myriad of merry and thankful voices !—
These are they that make his last
So hard to be borne !—for what is worse
Than mockery o'er a death-bed cast ?
Or deserves a bitterer curse ?

What wonder, then, that he should groan
Reclined on yon sunny hill alone?—
But, another warm day, and where will he be?
—Melted into Eternity!



H O P E.

OH! *Hope*, it is a heavenly thing,
As e'er descended on our earth!
Without it, what would be life's spring?—
How dull would be our brightest mirth!

Though oft too sad our earthly hope,
And often marr'd our hopes of heaven,
Yet if it smiles but once, we'll cope
With every evil till 'tis riven.

Our childish days have past away,
And hoped-for manhood dawns at last;—
'Tis time the bosom should be gay,
Since all our hopeful hours are past.

But, no :—we *still* must hope !—although
Youth's gone, and all we hoped for *then*
Is ours—we find enough of woe,
To hope for happy days again.

Then, long as life deserts us not,
Let's love, and hope for happiness ;
And when to die it is our lot,
We'll hope for heaven, and go in peace.

OLD MAIDENS:

IN IMITATION OF "BACHELORS," IN THE "BIJOU" OF 1830.

As lonely rocks, around whose feet
The smooth waves once did sigh so sweet,
But now in roaring anger beat,—
Such are old maidens.

As houses desolate and bare—
As peevish cats, that spit and swear
At every little amorous cur,—
Such are old maidens.

As creatures that are never civil—
As things that know not good from evil,
And, therefore, play the very devil,—
Such are old maidens.

But, ah ! as Houris of the sky
Which Musselmen go to when they die—
As flowerets lovely to the eye,—
Such are wedded wives.

These listen to fair Nature's voice,
They make their husbands' hearts rejoice,
Giving them little girls and boys !
And die lamented women.

But like to things all useless grown—
As garden poppies over-blown
Are thrown aside—and none bemoan,—
Die sour old maidens.

Then, Dora ! change this state of thine ;
No more man's proffer'd heart decline ;
Own as a wife you ought to shine,
And die a happy woman !



TO BRAHAM.(?)

WHEN shall we hear thy like again ?
 Not while on earth our lot will be !
 Oh, never shall we hear a strain
 Like thine—so full of melody !

Ancient in years, but young in voice,
 'Tis thine to raise a nation's wonder ;
 While in thy softness we rejoice,
 Thou mak'st us tremble with thy thunder.

I marvel not the captive Jews
 By Babel's stream were ask'd a song,
 If thou inheritest the Muse
 That touch'd with sacred fire each tongue ;

For thou'rt descended of their race ;
And well upholdest thou their fame,
For in our bosoms dost thou place
A sigh for Sion's songs and shame.

Hadst thou been born in days by-gone,
When gods were thought to dwell on earth,
Men would have call'd thee Orpheus' son,
And deem'd thee of celestial birth.

And none in these degenerate times
Than thee deserve a loftier name ;
"The Orpheus of the northern climes"
Bespeaks thine everlasting fame.

For thirty years the Concert's pride !—
Old man, Remembrance plainly speaks
What Art had never power to hide—
That wrinkles plough thy wither'd cheeks.

Then why dissemble youth ? we ask :
Thou art not *young*, as all can tell.
Oh, come forth once without thy mask,
And end thy vocal glory well !

'Tis time thou shouldst the threshold cross
Of Peace, and banish worldly care ;
Though *we* must suffer by thy loss,
And sigh in vain for Braham's heir.

And yet, thou hast bequeath'd thy name
To two as goodly sons as e'er
A father's heritage might claim,
Or equally his glories share.

In Charles's lute-like voice we hear
Thy tones of pity—notes of love :
While Hamilton's—majestic, clear—
Mocks the storm's rage, and wrath of Jove !

Oh ! may they long together tread
The path of fame thou'st trod before ;
And Fortune's smiles be proudly shed
Upon them when thou art no more !

SPORTING SONG.

SAY, what shall be our toast to-night ?
 The sport we've had to-day
 Deserves a bumper full and bright—
 A subject fair and gay.
 Then, charge your sparkling glasses,
 And let the draught be deep—
 The bright eyes of the lasses
 We'll drink to, ere we sleep.

Ah, what of all the beauteous things
 Sweet Memory supplies,
 More merit the soul's flatterings
 Than lovely woman's eyes ?
 Then charge, &c.

Abroad, at home—in peace, or war,
With man 'tis all the same—
Fair woman is his ruling star—
Her smiles the lights to fame.
Then charge, &c.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

FAREWELL—a long farewell to thee !
But not *farewell* to memory !
No ; though thy barque's white spreading sail
Is hurried far before the gale,
And many a league of ocean roll
Between thy spirit and my soul,—
Nothing, my friend, shall cancel thee
From the bright page of memory !

Farewell—remember when we met !
The morning dew of life was wet
Upon our brows ; our hearts were true,
Our pleasures many—sorrows few :
And *still* I trust our hearts are true,
Though sped our joys and childhood's dew—
Alas ! they're past from thee and me,
And only live in memory !

Farewell—perhaps we meet no more,
At least on earth's care-beaten shore ;
But, should we do,—how shall we meet ?
As whilom we were wont to greet ?
With hearts as fond, and hands as free—
Like youth's, will our next meeting be ?
Oh, clime and time we often see
Deceiving even memory !

But, fare-thee-well ! and *I* will hope
Memory with every change may cope ;
And we may meet again on earth,
And gladly join in mutual mirth ;
And that no shadow of distress
May ever cloud thy happiness !
Farewell, farewell, where'er thou be—
Where'er—still in *my memory* !

CAN I LOVE THEE !


CAN I love thee !—can I *not* ?
 Canst thou ever be forgot ?
 Oh, while 'tis my joyful lot
 To live, I aye must love thee !
 For thine eye's celestial blue,
 And thy bosom, always true,
 Each moment bind my heart anew
 To thine, and *make* me love thee.

Vain were the attempt in me to break
 Love's bonds of flame, which nought can
 slake,—
 And vainer still *thee* to forsake—
 I still, I still must love thee !
 Each hour without thee lagging flies,
 And dull this life we so much prize ;
 But with thee, earth seems paradise,
 For, oh, I dearly love thee !



LET FOOLS DELIGHT.

LET fools delight to spend the night
In watching bright stars beaming ;
Or waste their powers of mind for hours
O'er learning, vainly dreaming !
Be ours the joys becoming boys
Whose only hope is pleasure—
We'll turn to books when woman's looks
Have ceased to be a treasure :
For what is earth unless there's mirth,
And heaven-descended kisses ?
Ah, who would give a fig to live
Where there be found no blisses ?
We only ask one grant,—to bask
'Neath lovely woman's eyes :
Then life will seem a fairy dream,
And earth a paradise.



When winter old sets in with cold,
To keep our blood from freezing,
We'll quick repair where ladies fair
Study the arts of pleasing ;
And there we'll mark that heavenly *spark*
That glows within their bosoms,
Beam from their face with smiling grace,
Like sunshine on sweet blossoms.
And while we whirl each lovely girl
On tiptoe round about,—
If they should sigh—why, we'll reply,
Till every star's gone out ;
And *then*, farewell ! each pretty belle !
We *p'rhaps* may meet again :
And when we do—we'll bind anew
Our hearts in Cupid's chain.

And should it e'er to us occur
There's peace in matrimony,
At Hymen's shrine our hands we'll twine,
And live *one moon of honey*.
But when that's roll'd away, should cold
Or tiresome grow our loving ;
And spouse's tongue, in lectures long,
Be constantly reproving,—

To 'scape the chain that gives us pain,
We'll turn our thoughts to sporting ;
And chase and race shall take the place
Of vain and cheerless courting ;
Or else the bowl shall soothe the soul,
Till Time (in accents gruff)
Attacks with gout, till Age calls out,
And Death cries, " Hold—enough !"

WHEN LOVE FIRST SET.

WHEN Love first set his foot on earth,
He found it dreary, cold, and dark ;
Sad strangers there were Joy and Mirth,
And Hymen was a wandering *spark*.

Love sought a light—ah, silly Love !
The careless imp is aye benighted !
That morn he left the heavens above,
And brought his torch—but 'twas not
lighted.

He search'd about, but could not find
Even a glow-worm's lamp to catch at ;
And not an ignis-fatuus shined
That he might light his ready match at.

Vexation now his breast assay'd,
 And keen despair made dark his brow ;
 To stand his ground he grew afraid,
 And where to move he did not know.

But while he mourn'd his hapless fate,
 There came a lovely creature by,
 And, gazing on him where he sate,
 In pity heaved a gentle sigh.

Love raised his head—oh, thrilling sight !
 Not rosy morning ever beam'd
 With such immaculate sweet light
 As from young Beauty's eyes then stream'd.

He gazed again—oh, brighter still
 The flashes of her eyes appear,
 And Love cried out, “ Each glance can kill,
 Yet will I light my dead torch here !”

He raised his torch just as, abash'd,
 From his bold speech she turn'd away ;
 But, ah, her virtuous eyes had flash'd
 Upon it with too warm a ray !

It flamed at once, and heaven and earth
 Were lighted with the glorious blaze :
 And soon its glare attracted Mirth,
 And Hymen left his wandering ways.

But Love !—woe met him in the face :
 The glory of that sudden light
 Destroy'd the urchin's fairest grace,
 In robbing his sweet eyes of sight.

And since that time poor Love has been
 A prisoner in this world below ;
 And much 'tis troubled with his spleen,
 For still he's Beauty's fiercest foe.

And every hour and every minute,
 He feeds his torch with human hearts—
 No breast so close he can't get in it,
 No breast so hard to blunt his darts.



HURRAH, FOR THE LASSES!

“Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her ‘prentice han’ she tried on man,
 An’ then she made the lasses, O.”—BURNS.

WHEN hearts in the bondage of Friendship
 united,

Have met for the purpose of banishing Care,
 In what can their bosoms feel better delighted
 Than drinking a health to the sex call’d “the
 fair?”

We have drank to the men who ennoble the
 land—

We have drank to the happy Prince Royal—
 We have drank to his lady—*the Queen!*—of that
 band

To whom we must ever prove loyal.

Then a bumper—a bumper ! fill up to the
brim !

Let no heeltaps dishonour your glasses ;
And may heaven, indignant, ever keep them
from him


Who refuses a health to the lasses !
Hip ! hip ! hurrah, for the lasses !
Hip ! hip ! hurrah, for the lasses !
On each heart be its hand
While we drink as we stand—
Health, love, and peace to the lasses !

When Adam was placed in the garden of Eden,
No wonder he fancied his bosom felt lone,
For heaven bent down to his innocent pleading,
And form'd him a mate of his own flesh and
bone.

But though the first woman that e'er was created
Hurl'd man from his heavenly garden,
Through *that* shall her beautiful daughters be
hated ?

Oh, no—we must love them, and pardon !

Then, a bumper—a bumper, &c.



In ages long past, it was woman, caressing,
That cherish'd our fathers in sorrow and
mirth ;
It was woman who pour'd on our heads the
first blessing—
'Twas woman, lovely woman, that gave us all
birth !
Shall we say, then, our fathers were fools and
not sages ?
They loved—for their bosoms were human—
No, no ;—we'll do like them, and ages on ages
Shall drink to the glory of woman !
Then a bumper—a bumper ! &c.

“LONG LIVE OUR PRINCE !”

“Long live our Prince !” old Cambria cries;
 Her mountains echo, “Live our Prince !”
 And every rippling stream and fount replies,
 In joyous melody, “Long live our welcome
 Prince !”

“Long live our Prince !”—with joy we raise
 Round Snowdon’s heights the hearty shout—
 Oh, glorious epoch in our waning days—
 No longer now a Prince is Cambria without !

“Long live our Prince !” long may he wear
 Our emblems in his diadem !
 The *plumes* to speak him Cambria’s happy
 heir—
 The green and humble *leek* each Welshman’s
 faith to claim !



“Long live our Prince!” and may the sword
Llewellyn waved against his foes,
Be his to strike with fear each rebel horde
That may his rights discard, or lawful rule op-
pose.

“Long live our Prince!”—and may he be
A “prince of peace” to all our land!
Lord God of Heaven! may he be loved by
Thee!
Crown him with all the blessings of thy boun-
teous hand!

TO ZOË.

OH ! could my heart but tell thee all
 The love it feels for thee ;
 Or paint in words the impassion'd thrall
 Wherewith thou charmest me,—
 Thou wouldst not ask, in timorous tone,
 If still my heart is thine ;
 But by its beating feel, alone,
 My love knows no decline.

Though silent oft, yet deem not love
 Within my bosom faints ;
 For death—and only death—must prove
 The coldness *sorrow* paints :

For sorrow, sorrow 'tis that shades
My brow and stills my voice ;
And though thy smile to mirth persuades,
I cannot, love, rejoice.

Yet, oh, I know much pure delight,
All silent though it be ;
And rapturous is my spirit's flight
While in thy company ;
For memory then recalls the days—
The happy days gone by ;
And while she pondering them delays,
I feel love's earliest joy.

And Fancy—that sweet airy thing,
The embellisher of love—
She takes me on her sparkling wing,
And bears me high above ;
But among all the beings there
So glorious, happy, free—
She shows me none so bright and fair
As thee, my love—as *thee* !

Then, oh, the question ask no more,
If still my heart fond be?—
What other can I e'er adore
As I have worshipp'd *thee*?
Whene'er I gaze within thine eye,
I dote upon the past—
To *thee* I breathed my earliest sigh—
For *thee* would breathe my last!

HURRAH FOR THE SEASON.

HURRAH, for the Season of red coats and breeches!

Old Time has brought Winter again to the earth,
And Sportsmen are dashing o'er hedges and ditches,

“Hark forward—tally-ho!” is their signal of mirth.

As soon as grey morning from darkness is peeping,

The fox-hunter wakes, and is up in *a crack*;
He scorns that soft luxury idlers call “sleeping,”
So swallows his breakfast, and rings for his hack.

What matter to him if the sky become louring?—

He hates a hot Sun as a hard cramping frost,
And he starts for “the meet,” though a heavy
rain’s pouring ;

He’ll chance a day’s sport, and it seldom is
lost.

Just ten miles from home he alights at the
cover,

Exchanges his hack for his gallant - bred
steed ;

And the huntsman has scarcely his stanch pack
turn’d “over !”

Ere a deep mellow bay calls his charger in
need.

But “ Silence !—be silent !—he’s coming this
way,”

The *knowing ones* whisper, and quiet all stand,
Till shouts from the outposts, and dogs, chiming,
say

That Reynard has bolted, and—“ theirs to
command.”



Oh, then all the frolic of hunting commences!—

'Tis worth a good thousand, the fun that is seen :
The “young ‘uns” run mad for the first dozen
fences,

When each a neat “freehold” has purchased,
I ween :

While the old ones, their grandfathers’ adage
well keeping—

“Most haste and less speed”—canter care-
fully on,

And damn the young “bloods” and their science
in leaping—

They’ve jaded their cattle, ere the chase has
begun.

Here one swears, “that fellow” will jump on his
back ;

And another whines out, “Now, pray do, Sir,
gow an—

You are blocking the way-e with that demnable
hack ;”

While a third tops a gate, with “Yoicks!—
follow who can !”

A fourth in despair's crying " Stop—stop my
horse!—

My hat's in that field,—oh, good Lord, what
a go!"

And a fifth by the stirrup is dragg'd like a corse
With never a friend to attend to his throw.

And woe to that mortal, whatever his age is,
Who rides o'er a country he knows nothing
about;

Unless to keep close to the hounds he so sage is,
I'll lay any wager the wight gets thrown out.

But—a cheer for the season of red coats and
breeches!

And a cheer for old Winter, though he punishes
earth;

And may each sporting soul ne'er be *minus his*
riches,

And, " Forward!—tally-ho!" be his signal of
mirth!



PADDY M'GINNISS.

OCH ! Paddy M'Ginniss ! (how charming that
nname !)

Ye'r the lad that I luve—be my sowl, ye'r the
same !

For ye've got such a beautiful squint in ye'r eye—
Such a kill-divil ogle, that's mighty and shly !
'Twas the first time I saw ye at Donnybrook Fair,
An' said I to Kit Kearney, "faix, Kitty—*he's*
there!

That's the boy for my money—though I haven't
a shilling—

But nivir mind that—I've a heart that is willing;
An' I'd rather by him than all ithers be bate,
For he handles the cudgel so clane an' so nate."

"But, arrah ! now—and why do ye stand staring
there,

As ef both of ye'r eyes would lape into the air ?

Hev I not aften tould ye I luv'd ye, dear Paddy !
An' would hev ye in shp'ite of my mither or
daddy ?

Och ! sure, so I will ; for said father Mahone,
When I tould him I luv'd ye—" Ye'r bone of
his bone ;"

So, troth now, dear Pat, ef the praest tells us
thru'e,

Ye should luv'e ye'r own bones as ye'r own bones
luv'e you ;

An' I'm sure, to be called " Paddy's wife" will be
swate,

For ye handle the cudgel so clane an' so nate."

Poor Pat with a sigh heard the damsel's com-
plaint,

And he felt in his heart that he was not a saint ;
So he clasp'd her so warmly, she panted and
blush'd,

Till her passionate sobs in his bosom were
hush'd.

And although Paddy's father but gave him a pig,
And his old murphy fork, for his living to dig,



Yet, Pat somehow contrived to leave each of his
heirs

Just the same kind of blessing, with all of the
cares :

And to see them at Donnybrook fair is a treat,
For they handle their cudgels so clean and so
neat.

BLITHELY SOUNDS THE HUNTSMAN'S
HORN.

BLITHELY sounds the huntsman's horn ;
On Echo's wings its notes are borne ;
And Nature laughs to see a morn
 In winter break so cheerily.
Rise, sportsmen, rise! and mount your steeds ;
Diana for the chase now pleads,
And those who love her sports she speeds—
 Then rise and follow merrily !

Sly Reynard seeks the covert's close,
To hide his guilt and there repose ;
But while he rests, his deadly foes
 Come tumbling on his slumber.
Away, away! for life he flies,
And hill and dale respond the cries
Of his delighted enemies,
 Pursuing without number.


Away, away !—o'er hill and dale,
The pack pursue the lengthening trail,
While rises on the sportive gale
 Their deep and mellow chorus.
Away, away ! pell-mell we go ;
And he who rides must not be slow,
For, hark, that joyous " Tally-ho !"
 Proclaims him close before us.

On, on ! he yonder vainly flies,
And quicker grow the pack's sweet cries :
He lags, he lags ! now turns—now dies
 A death right sharp and gory !
But, Puggy, though thy days be done,
He who this day thy brush hath won,
Will oft remember thy hard run,
 And all its break-neck glory.

TO MY FAVOURITE MARE.

AND thou art lame, my favourite mare!
Nor canst thou carry me ;
And in the field dost seek thy fare,
All pitiful to see.
Thy coat stands rough upon thy back,
And strangers deem thee some old hack
Turn'd loose to live or die.
Oh ! cursèd be the luckless leap
That maim'd thee sore, and makes thee weep,
And me to heave a sigh !

A tear is stealing down thy face—
Thine eyes with tears seem dim ;
Thou truly feel'st how sad thy case—
How lost thy sportive trim.




Thy gallant spirits, once so great,
Within thy breast appear a weight
Thou hardly canst support ;
For, ah ! not long ago, I trow,
Thou spurn'd the turf that feeds thee now,
With many a haughty snort.

On yonder hill it is decreed
The hounds this morn shall meet ;
But I must on another steed
The wary huntsman greet ;
For thou'rt unfit to bear me hence—
Thou art not fit to charge a fence—
Too full of pain and care.
Then fare-thee-well—I must away ;
But often shall I sigh this day
For thee, my favourite mare !

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

COME, fill up a bumper—fill up to the brim !
 What harm, though we drink till our eyes be-
 come dim,
 If before our departure we honour a toast,
 Which no people on earth of a better can boast ;
 'Tis the glory, and worthy of Lancashire men—
 You have drank it full often, so drink it again :

"Tis " The Lancashire Witches—the Lanca-
 shire Witches !"
 The charms of our souls, and our hearts'
 dearest riches ;
 And, although they sometimes take a fancy to
 breeches,
 There's no women on earth like our " Lanca-
 shire Witches !"



Let Cheshiremen brag of their "lasses" so
 blooming,
 And Irishmen tell of the flame that's consuming
 Their hearts for some gem of their green native
 Isle—
 Ah ! what would they say, if they saw but the
 smile
 Of a " Lancashire Witch," in her happy youth
 beaming ?
 They'd swear that of beauty they'd only been
 dreaming :

And worship in truth our " Lancashire
 Witches,"
 The charms of our souls, and our hearts
 dearest riches,
 And vow it they *do* take a fancy to *breeches*,
 There's no women on earth like our " Lanca-
 shire Witches !"

Wherever the fame of bold Britons hath flown to,
 " The Lancashire Witches" have there been well
 known, too ;


And their eyes, light or dark, and their locks of
the same,
To the heart's deepest homage have ever laid
claim ;
And I've heard them, far off, at a loyal feast given
As a toast to include all the sex under heaven. (*)

Oh ! "The Lancashire Witches—the Lanca-
shire Witches !"
Are the charms of our souls, and our hearts'
dearest riches ;
And, although they sometimes take a fancy
to breeches,
There's no women on earth like our "Lanca-
shire Witches !"

THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

THOSE eyes of blue—those eyes of blue !
How sweet was once their beam,
When all thy merry soul shone through
In one exulting gleam !
Just like the azure heavens above
When Sol is shining there—
Their light was then the light of love ;
And I was all thy care.

Those eyes of blue—those eyes of blue !
No more are sparkling bright ;
Though still like stars when shining through
The chilly mists of night.
I look on them—I look on thee,
And weep for thy sad doom ;
So like a rose torn from its tree
When in its fullest bloom.



Those eyes of blue—those eyes of blue !

Though lost to *me*, I thought,

To one I worshipp'd fond and true,

Pure happiness had brought :

But, ah ! the peace once dwelling there,

Shall never more return ;

For jealousy and dark despair

Will ever make them mourn.

WHAT IS WINE AT A FEAST ?

WHAT is wine at a feast, if the parties around
In the union of Friendship and Love are not
bound ?

And, again, what is Friendship unless we have
wine

To lighten our pleasures and make them divine ?
If Friendship is there, and the Bottle away,
'Tis like summer. but wanting the sun's genial
ray :

If the Bottle is there, and sweet Friendship afar,
Oh, then 'tis like night, unadorn'd with a star !

Then, I'll pledge you to Friendship a bumper
of wine,

And around all our hearts may her charms
ever twine ;

And when life has pass'd off, may our souls
meet in heaven,
Where wrath is unknown, and all *must* be
forgiven !

Disputes have arisen since the world first began,
For constancy's not in the nature of man ;
And till Time is no longer, disputes will arise,
Tormenting the soul and insulting the skies :
But the guests at a feast ought to be " hand and
glove,"

While their glasses all bear the grand motto of
" love ;"

And accursed is the draught, though to Friend-
ship we sip,


If its ruby-like sparkles bedeck a false lip.

Then, fill high to Friendship, &c.

Our life glides along like a swift-rolling stream,
And chequer'd with troubles and joys, like a
dream ;

And how few seem our years when Death stands
at the door,

Though Retrospect glances o'er three or four
score !



Then, why should we still cherish turmoil and
strife,

And through bickerings embitter the few days of
life ?


Oh ! away from our hearts be all signs of dispute:
The man who can't conquer his passion's a brute.

Then, fill high to Friendship, &c.

HAIL SPRING !

HAIL, Spring—delightful season, hail !
The sweetest of the year !
In everything on hill and vale,
Thy happy smiles appear.
The birds are singing merrily
From every budding tree ;
And from the field the lark soars high,
Loud carolling to thee—
Sweet Spring, to thee !

The milkmaid now, at early dawn,
With light and airy tread,
Trips briskly o'er the dewy lawn
With pail upon her head ;
While Giles beside her struts along,
Well pleased her smiles to see,
And fondly listens to the song
She breathes so warm to thee—
Sweet Spring, to thee !



The sportsman checks his anxious steed—
He feels thy generous heat,
And scorns to crush the sprouting seed
Beneath his courser's feet ;
And while he bends around his eye,
Fair Nature's face to see,
His breast unconscious swelleth high
With melody to thee—
Sweet Spring, to thee !

Oh ! who can watch the sunny sky,
Or feel the zephyrs' breath
Wafting sweet fragrance as they fly,
From flowers just waked from death,
Nor thou, delightful season, hail
With bosom bounding free,
When everything on hill and dale
A welcome pours to thee—
Sweet Spring, to thee !

THE LASSIE OF THE GREEN.

HAVE you not heard of Beauty's power,
 In many a poet's song?
 Have you not felt its force yourself
 Your bosom thrill along?
 Then canst thou sympathize with me—
 Rejoice in what I've seen?
 The sweetest maiden in the land—
 The Lassie of the Green!

Thou'st mark'd the little violet,
 So innocent and blue,
 Down in the lea unfold its leaves,
 Moist with the morning dew;
 The blossom of the peach-tree, too,
 So delicate thou'st seen;—
 And like them are thine eyes and cheeks,
 Sweet Lassie of the Green!

Oh ! hadst thou e'er beheld her form,
As I have often done,
Unbonneted, and wandering
The dewy fields alone ;—
Thou wouldst have ta'en her for some sylph
Presiding o'er the scene :
But fairer than a sylph is she—
The Lassie of the Green !

How cold must be the souls of those
Who wander far to see
The maids of Greece, or win the smiles
Of those of Italy :—
Forsooth, the loveliest maid man's eye
In those fair climes hath seen,
My heart should ne'er prefer to thee,
Dear Lassie of the Green !

THE HONEST ENGLISH FARMER.

LET the bold warrior of his conquests boast,
 His titles and his glory ;
 But, ah, the blood of many a hopeful host
 Was shed to tell his story !
 Let Bards and Politicians write and rave,
 And court fair Fame, the charmer !
 But give to me the tears that deck the grave
 Of the honest English Farmer !

The hero battles for his country's good,
 And ought to be rewarded :
 He who the State-ship steers through storm and
 flood
 Deserves to be regarded ;
 And he is worthy praise, at whose sweet song
 The throbbing breast grows calmer :—
 But he who toils the most to serve the throng,
 Is the honest English Farmer !

He ploughs the land his fathers till'd of old,
From whence the warrior sprung ;
He sows the fields that make the Statesman bold,
And fire the poet's tongue.
He is the truest Patriot in the land—
Not Freedom's self is warmer:
And who so famed for open heart and hand
As the honest English Farmer ?

AMELIA.

SWEET Poesy! I fain of thee would crave
 To place me for an hour in "Fairie Land,"
 While over me the Queen of Spells might wave
 Her plastic, magic wand.

I would recal the image of a soul
 That long has left the earth;
 And see it shine again within its goal,
 All radiant with mirth!
 Amelia! I fain would see
 Thine image blooming fresh and fair,
 Like as when thou regardedst me
 But with an elder sister's care.

She left this world when I was but a boy—
 Ere Puberty had twined
 His carnal self within my breast,
 And dimm'd a virtuous mind:


Yet, *then* a fondness in my bosom dwelt,
Pure as yon smiling heaven ;
I scarce can think it love which then I felt,
But life a burthen seem'd when she was from
me riven.

Oh ! if 'twas love, it was the purest ever
Dwelt in a human breast :
Remembrance makes me feel 'twas love,—which
never,
Like her, shall be at rest !

I love her now—I wildly love her now !—
I feel myself within the world of spirits :
Before the Queen of Spells I lowly bow—
My heart—my heart its wish'd-for boon
inherits.
I see her stand before my wondering eyes,
Again embodied in the glorious form
She wore before transplanted to the skies—
Her fair cheeks blushing, and her bosom
warm ;
Her lips are bending with that happy glow
Of health and beauty all so much admired :

Her eyes are dazzling like the young gazelle's,
Bright as when first my fancy they inspired ;
Her graceful form stands by me still the same—
Peerless and beautiful from Nature's mould !
Amelia !—oh, answer to thy name !
Oh ! let me hear thy voice as oft of old !

Alas, in silence from my straining sight
She vanishes—is gone !
My soul grows dark again as night—
The Queen of Spells has done.
Yet, oh, Amelia ! to thee
My thoughts shall frequent turn ;
For sweet Remembrance long will rouse
The flame wherewith I burn :
For thou art like a dream that came of yore,
Still clinging to the brain, but, ah, enjoy'd no
more !



OH, SAY NOT THE JOYS.

OH! say not the joys of this life are so
fleeting,

And what we call *pleasure* is really *pain* :
For there can't be a pang while the young heart
is beating

Responsive to friends who the bright goblet
drain !

I allow that our days are swift passing away,
But that life has no joy, a base libel de-
clare ;

And he who will sip not of bliss when he may,
Let him sigh to the grave, the pale dupe of
Despair !

While the blood through our bosoms flows
tranquil and warm,

The sunshine of life, like the rose, we'll
enjoy ;

And though we, perchance, may be crush'd by
the storm,

Yet the odour of Friendship not Death shall
destroy !

No, no ; in the memories of those who survive

We long shall be cherish'd, though low in
the tomb ;

And from this, only, shall they such rapture
derive,

That their tears, like the rainbow, shall
brighten the gloom !

Then away, ye dark Sophists, who say that all
bliss

Is deceitful, and only brings grief to the
heart :

It is you who have made the vile world what
it is,

And taught man to act every villanous part.

Oh ! as long as we're spared to enjoy when we
can

The sweet smile of Friendship and goblet of
wine,


Our study shall be, to rejoice, every man !

And what fools call *pain*, to make *pleasure*
divine !

SMILE ON, SMILE ON, MY BABY
DEAR.

SMILE on, smile on, my Baby, dear!
I love to see thee smiling ;
For back to many a by-gone year,
My memory thou'rt beguiling ;
To days when life was full of bliss,
And Love and Hope together,
On Fancy's wings of happiness,
Roved on through every weather.

No storms were dreaded—sweet Romance
Dispersed each cloud of sorrow ;
And thy young mother's favoring glance
Illumined every morrow.



The only fear that e'er o'ercast
Our hours of joy and pleasure,
Was, lest we should not be at last
Blest with so dear a treasure !

Smile on, smile on ; thy happy face
Repels all grief and sadness ;
And while thy mother's looks I trace,
My bosom burns with gladness !
And while I think on days gone by—
On blissful thoughts then spoken,—
I forward look to years of joy,
Believing *thou'rt* the token !


THE HURRICANE.

HARK—hark !—'tis the Hurricane marching
along,

Triumphantly breathing its merciless song :
As a giant would handle the smallest of men,
It shakes the great earth till it staggers again!

On, on, like a billow that rolls to the shore
It comes, but its sound is the cataract's roar,
And it bears in its bosom dark ruin and death,
For nothing escapes from its terrible breath.

Behold yonder Oak, how majestic it stands !
Now 'tis clasp'd by the whirlwind's invisible
hands ;



They shake it, they bend it, they writhe it
 around,
And with one shattering crash it is hurl'd to the
 ground.

Though sacred yon temple's tall beautiful spire,
Which the lightning has trembled to touch with
 its fire—
It suddenly wraps itself round in its mirth,
And dashes it thundering down to the earth !

Then, away to yon rock which for ages has
 stood
Supporting those towers frowning dark o'er the
 flood,
Where the fern and the ivy now creep where
 man trod,—
The Hurricane flies, and they crumble and nod.

It tears up the heath like a handful of hay,
And the sand flies before it like ocean's white
 spray ;

The hall it leaves roofless—the cottage a heap,
Where its tenants lie buried in Death's arms
asleep!

But the Hurricane laughs as it marches along
Triumphantly breathing its merciless song:
As a giant would handle the smallest of men,
It shakes the great earth till it staggers again!


TO DEATH.

Oh, Death—Death—Death !
 Thou mighty terror of the Universe !
 Who sit'st upon thy hill of bones
 Encircled by thine angels' thrones,
 Who, at thy bidding, fly and breathe
 O'er earth a pestilential curse ;—
 With cypress ^{and} now my lyre I wreathe,
 For thou'rt a mournful theme for verse

Oh, Death—Death—oh, Death !
 Thou cruel tyrant, who dost steal,
 From those we dearest love, the balmy breath,
 Through which alone our love again they feel,
 And dasheth man to earth with broken heart,
 Till at his moans,
 And bosom-rending groans,
 Even pitying Nature's soul is seen to start :—

Thou art the chastening minister of Heaven !
To thee, oh, Death!—to thee is given
The awful power
To summon from the glittering earth
The souls of mortals in their happiest hour
Of joy and mirth,
And whirl them to the presence of their God,
To hear his changeless judgment o'er them
past :—
To dwell for aye in his sublime abode,
Or thence to hell be headlong howling cast !

Thou—thou—oh, thou
Dost joy to sweep
On the wings of the hurricane o'er the deep,
Making the tall mast bow,
And the bravest bosom weep !
For thou delight'st to hear the billows roar,
And flitt'st unseen along each liquid mountain,
Beckoning some fated barque towards thy door,
Which opes — then closes — and ne'er opens
more—
Engulphing *all* in one tremendous fountain !



Thou—thou—on the lightning's flash
Dost love to ride,
And listen to the thundering crash
Of the stubborn oak, thou see'st divide
To its swift touch ; while underneath,
Thou takest those who shelter there
In thy arms, oh, Death !

Hark ! 'tis thy voice I hear on yonder plain—
On thy pale horse thou lead'st a host along :
Their shout is, " Victory !"—thou smil'st,—'tis
vain !—

Thine is the *victory*—the *worm's*, that throng !
For hell's grim monarch o'er opposing hosts
His banner waves and leads them on ;
War rages !—Space receives the countless ghosts
As from their mangled clay they fly undone :
And Satan with thee laughs above the dead,
While Carnage cries, " Come, feast—your table's
spread !"


Oft is the rude high precipice thy seat,
Where, in the guise of luring Prospect fair,
Thou tak'st the unwary wanderer from his feet,
And hurl'st him headlong to the shrinking air ;

While Echo, to thy victim's yells,
In loud redoubled accents wakes,
Startling from their rocky cells
The thousand feather'd tribes, which shriek ten
thousand knells !

And earth's hard breast with terror shakes,
As in her lap the mangled creature falls,
While Nature shuddering moans—so dire the
deed appals !

Or, in the regions of eternal snows,
Thou hunt'st the hunter of the wild chamois.
Pursuing him with howling bands
Of wolves—impatient with the chase ;
Or scoop'st his grave, unseen, with icy hands ;
Or build'st his awful sepulchre before his
face :


And none but thee behold him die—
None hear, save thee, his last faint cry !
Wrapt in his frozen shroud he there must aye
remain ;
His wife awaits his coming, and his children
call in vain.



Where shall we go, dire visitant ! ah, where
To shun thy fatal power ?
To Friendship's palace thou dost oft repair,
And lurk'st in Love's sweet bower.
To pander to some villain's wrath,
Thou div'st into the goblet's breast ;
Or oft presidest at the bath,
As many a record can attest !
Thou wrapp'st thy invisible self around
The poniard's searching blade—
Compress'd within the bullet thou art found,—
Oh, Death ! where shall we turn, nor of thee be
afraid ?
Thou dancest round the needle's point—
Thou liest conceal'd in every path—
And sweetest flowers thou dost anoint
As thy receptacles of wrath !
From day to day thou dost appear
In some new form ; and every year—
For ever on destruction bent—
Some devilish engine dost invent
Wherewith to cram the grave's insatiate maw,
And keep the world, and man's proud heart in
awe !

Nor hoary locks, nor rosy youth,
Nor Beauty's smiles can charm thee :
Nor Hope's strong spells, nor Faith, nor Truth,
Of terror can disarm thee !
Thou call'st the bee, she bows to thee—
Her little horn is still !
Thou bidd'st the thrush his sweet song hush :
For ever closed's his bill !
Thou kill'st the snail, thou slay'st the whale,
The bat, the eagle, too :
Thou e'en dost doom the flowers that bloom ;—
When on them shines the dew,
And all their fragrance loads the breeze
That fans the summer day,
Thy breath the rising sap doth freeze,
And all their sweets decay !

Oh, Death ! prince of mortality !
What living thing shall 'scape from thee ?
Thou art the terror of the Universe !—
A blessing oft—and oft a curse !
E'en while triumphantly the Christian yields
his breath,
He shudders at thee—Death !



THERE IS AN ISLAND OF THE SEA.

I say 'tis the first on the scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not?—ELIZA COOK.

THERE is an Island of the sea,
Where chivalry and valour dwell ;
Dear is that Island loved by me—
Its name's a watchword and a spell.
England! thou art the land I love—
There is no nation like to thee ;
Supremely blest by heaven above—
The glorious land of Liberty !

Divinely blest thy children are—
They till in peace a grateful soil ;
In History they're known afar,
Enrich'd with many a battle's spoil.

Like princes are thy merchants all—
 Thy noblemen like kings appear—
 The people are thy boasted wall ;—
 United, Britons know no fear !

Ye bigots, fly beyond the main—
 Ye disaffected, with them flee !
 Nor creeds nor discords then shall stain
 Again the land of Liberty !
 For, England, thou art Freedom's home ;
 The land where Love and Beauty reign :
 In thee has Fame rear'd high her dome,
 Where *worth* departed lives again.

Blest is thy Monarch on the throne ;
 With heart and soul her subjects love her :
 Oh ! may she long wear England's crown,
 While guardian Angels round her hover !
 England, thou art the land I love !
 There is no nation like to thee :
 Supremely blest by heaven above ;
 The glorious land of Liberty !



TO ANNE.

AND shall I sing, my lovely Anne !
Of *that* fair maid and *this*,
And quite forget (oh, thoughtless man !)
Our bygone days of bliss ?
When life was fraught with joyous hours,
And both our hearts like tender flowers,
Expanded to the mid-day glow
Of love, that brighten'd all below,
And sweeten'd every kiss ?

No ; Heaven forbid so base a part
In me, as to forget
The maid who for my roving heart
First spread Love's sweeping net !

Thou wert the first for whom my soul
Long languish'd in its trembling goal,—
For whom I shunn'd, from day to day,
The noisy world, as vile and gay,
In solitude to fret.

Thou planted'st in my breast the smart
That earliest made me sigh,
And fill'd with awe my boyish heart
For Beauty wandering by :
And thou the first didst teach the blush
Into my downy cheeks to rush ;
For then I felt a childish shame,
And fear'd the world should know Love's flame
Within my heart burn'd high.

And think'st thou, Anne! I can recal
To memory the past,
Nor deem thee still the belle of all
'Mong whom my lot is cast ?
Ah, no ; that darkly rolling eye
That glanced so kind, and yet, so sly,
Then lit my bosom with a glow
Nought can extinguish here below,
Or e'er will be surpast !

Thy name whene'er it greets my ear,
Though only heard by chance,
Still thrills me with affection dear,
And days of old romance.
I feel myself again a boy,
With all love's agonizing joy—
Behold thy features—hear thee speak—
And gently press thy blooming cheek
As once—oh, Heaven!—*as once!*

As *once?*—oh, Anne, my callous heart
Still fondly clings to thee!
For sweet Remembrance doth impart
A charm 'tis vain to flee.
Ah, how can he struck blind by Fate,
Forget the sun he saw of late?
Yet, sooner would its glorious beam
To him an idle fancy seem,
Than thou be nought to me.

THE PLEDGES.

I'LL pledge you a bumper to those we've loved
The warmest and the dearest ;
To those who have the longest proved
The kindest and sincerest.

I'll pledge you a sigh to those whose hate
We have felt the severest—strongest :
For the end of the damn'd will surely wait
All those who bear wrath the longest !

I'll pledge you a curse on that human brute,
Who smiles with a vile false bosom ;
For he's like a tree that bears no fruit
After promising much by its blossom.



I'll pledge you a frown on him who forgets
For kindness shown, to be grateful ;
For he who repays not Friendship's debts
Is a villain truly hateful !

I'll pledge you an empty glass to those
Whose hearts are so inhuman,
As not to pity another's woes ;
Or worship the charms of woman.


I'll pledge you a bumper, in Friendship's name,
To those we see repenting
The wounds they've caused, with a blush of
shame,
For heaven itself's relenting.

Then fill your glasses—fill up to the brim—
Let the sparkling wine flow over !
And I'll pledge you a bumper—a bumper to him
That is true as a *friend* and a *lover* !

MY BEAUTIFUL SALLY.

THERE is a green vale where the cowslips are
blossoming,
And the incense of lilies the air is perfuming ;
But the sweetest of flowerets that bloom in that
valley
Is my own blushing rosebud—my beautiful
Sally !

The lark every morn in that green vale is
singing,
And at eve with the nightingale's notes it is
ringing ;
But no bird sings so sweetly throughout that
fair valley,
As my own happy linnet—my beautiful Sally !



'Tis said, in that vale, that the fairies meet
 nightly,
And dance in the beams of the moon shining
 brightly ;
But no fairy so lovely ever stepp'd in that valley,
As the queen of my bosom—my beautiful Sally!

Oh, if 'tis my lot in this world to grow hoary,
Though Fame at my death tells no coveted story,
Yet, how sweet will it be if the serfs of that
 valley
Tell I died in the arms of my beautiful Sally!

HOW FAIR, HOW BEAUTIFUL !

How fair, how beautiful, how free
The smile of her upon whose soul no stain of
guile is seen !

The blush that on her cheek we see,
Whispers " Behold, rude mortal ! here is Virtue's
lovely Queen ! "

The wreath she wears around her brow,
Shines like the radiant halo worn by Saints who
are forgiven :

Or, like her own sweet self, bent low
In prayer before the altar of her God—the God
of Heaven !

No idol she, of Fashion born,
Whose wild fantastic fancies mar the fairest of
the fair ;

But like a flower at early morn,
Which Nature, only, brightens with the dew and
fresh'ning air.

I've seen her graceful form to move,
Array'd in snowy folds that spoke her innocence
and youth ;

And oft have sigh'd to think that love
Of man should ever pain her breast, so full of
heavenly truth.

Preserve her, God !—preserve her free
From every rude alarm of war, or rage of mortal
love !


And may her beauteous soul by Thee
Be crown'd, “ the Queen of Virtue ” still, within
thy courts above !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

HUSH, hush—'tis Pleasure's voice that weeps
Above her stricken votary's grave,
Where, silent as the meanest, sleeps
A child of Art—gay Fashion's slave !

How like a brilliant star she shone !
Attracting every worldling's gaze ;
Even Beauty, fluttering round her throne,
New charms engross'd through her sole praise.

But sorrow now, and chilling gloom,
Usurp the lofty place she held ;
Her palace seems Joy's gaudy tomb !
An Eden—with its Eve expell'd !



Alas, the flower once torn away,
No more its dreary stem shall grace,
Though, while it slumbers in decay,
Another may adorn its place.

But, ah, how seldom do we see
A second flower, as bright and rare
As that which bloom'd upon the tree
When Hope was warm and life was fair!

'Tis always thus :—" the brightest still
The fleetest" fade, and wound the heart;
And they who quaff sweet Pleasure's rill
The deepest, ever first depart!

REPINE NOT AT THESE DAYS
OF WOE.

REPINE not at these days of woe,
For why increase their sorrow ?
Of joyous hours, past long ago,
The sweet remembrance borrow.
Who would not read again that book,
Although its leaves be tatter'd,
If o'er each page on which they look,
Rich gems of wit are scatter'd ?

Like maidens who in summer hours
The leaves of roses gather,
Wherewith to scent their wither'd bowers
In winter's dreary weather ;
So man should store his days of bliss
In Memory's vase to charm him
In gloomy moments, such as this,
When spreading woes alarm him.

BY THE DEE'S PLACID RIVER.

By the Dee's placid river
 In summer's gay bloom,
 I met lovely Ellen
 At evening's soft gloom ;
 Her voice fell like music,
 So sweet on my ear ;
 And her eyes, like that stream,
 Shone dark, brilliant, and clear.


There was something about her
 So witchingly fair,
 That I would not believe
 She could possibly err ;
 Our vows we there plighted,
 And seal'd with a kiss ;
 And I thought that through life
 We should know nought but bliss.



But believe not in woman,
 Whate'er she may say,
For her vows are like dead leaves
 The winds sweep away ;
And her smiles are as false
 As a bright April morn ;
The heart that trusts either
 Will soon sigh forlorn.

A proud rival saw her—
 Her vows she forgot ;
She trusted his promise,
 And fled from her cot ;
But soon, like a flower
 Bent down on its stem,
He left her to wither
 In sorrow and shame.

Oh, false-hearted Ellen !
 The thorn thou hast placed
In thy lover's fond bosom,
 Now wounds thy own breast !



There its venom shall burn
Like the scorpion's dart;
While the vultures of conscience
Prey long on thy heart!



TAKE, NOW, MY HARP.

TAKE, now, my harp, its chords are broken—

No more the bard shall to it sing ;

And keep it as a silent token

Of him who rudely touch'd its string.

And when thou see'st it hanging lonely,

Like some maiden's heart trepann'd,

Sigh that, e'er to Folly, only,

'Twas sounded in the minstrel's hand.

Then, take my harp—its chords are broken—

No more the bard shall to it sing ;

And keep it as a silent token

Of him who rudely touch'd its string.

Years have flown since first young Beauty

Left this harp with me, unsought ;

But Love soon told me 'twas my duty

To strike its strings, though never taught.



I struck them, fired with love and passion,
 Endeavouring all her charms to tell :
 But now behold the thoughtless rash one,
 And pity this poor, ruin'd shell !
 Take, now, my harp—its chords are broken—
 No more the bard shall to it sing ;
 And keep it as a silent token
 Of him who rudely touch'd its string.

'TIS NOT THE BRAVE.

"Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill,
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill,
If Fortune close the way."—AKENSIDE.

'Tis not the brave who fare the best,
When smiled not on by Fortune ;
And he who boldest bares his breast,
Doth only Death importune.
Oh, talk not, then, of Honour's path—
Of Valour's well-earn'd wreaths of glory ;
For dark's the fame of him who hath
Nor friends, nor wealth, to tell his story !

We've seen the hoary-headed Tar
Who's braved ten thousand dangers,
Still but a paltry officer
O'er budgets sent to strangers :




While some, who scarcely know the sound
Of battle's roar and stormy breeze,
In Fame's proud annals, lo ! are found
Entitled " Lions of the seas !"


Old England ! if the hearts so true,
Who've battled for thy freedom,
Have such a little to them due,—
Thou dost deserve to need 'em !
Thou teachest us to honour Age,
(There is no nation that doth not,)
But thou art surely misnamed "*sage*,"
If thy grey veterans are forgot ! (*)

HOW SWEET IT IS WHEN WEARY.

How sweet it is when weary,
To sit beside one's dearie,
 When Winter old,
 Has brought the cold,
And nights that are long and dreary ;
For as the fagot's burning,
From Folly's volumes turning,
 The maxims sage
 Of Wisdom's page,
At Reason's mouth we're learning.
Oh, sweet it is when weary,
To sit beside one's dearie,
 When Winter old,
 Has brought the cold,
And nights that are long and dreary.



Then, as the hour grows later
By the old hall's repeater,
 We sit, and chat
 Of this and that,
Whilst I discuss "*the cratur!*"
And though the blasts are booming,
We talk of pleasures coming,
 For e'en 'mid snows
 Hope sees the rose
Of Summer gaily blooming :—
And, surely, it is treason
'Gainst Nature and 'gainst Reason,
 To think that Time
 Who rules sublime,
Will never change the season.
Then, oh, how sweet, when weary,
To sit beside one's dearie,
 When Winter old
 Has brought the cold,
And nights that are long and dreary.



THINK NOT OF HIM.

THINK not of him who scorns the bowl,
And says that mirth is madness ;
For, oh, how cold must be his soul !—
His very smile is sadness !
But drink to him that loves to see
His friends around the table ;—
Who sips his wine, like one that's free,
And laughs while yet he's able.

I love not him whose arid soul
Is cool'd with NO potation ;
And from his lips would dash the bowl
That holds his deep damnation !
But HIM I love who takes his wine,
And keeps his conscience sober ;
Whose sunny soul with mirth doth shine
E'en through life's dull October !




HEARTS, OFT MET.

HEARTS, oft met of yore,
Hearts of old, once more
We meet for mirth and glee ;
Then join your hands with me
In fellowship this night !

Hearts, that knew no sadness—
Hearts, whose smiles were gladness—
Hearts, which like the sea,
Calmly lay, or bounded free—
Rejoice with me this night !


Hearts, that pleased in loving,
But which, I thought, on proving,
Were scarcely worth to be
Hearts beloved by me ;
In peace we meet this night !



Hearts that have been aching,
While mine has nigh been breaking,
No longer shall ye be
In bonds, but free—free—free,
For ever from this night !

Hearts, with whom no dangers
I fear'd ere we were *strangers* ;
Now pledge the bowl with me,
And happy, happy be
This night, sweet hearts, this night !


Hearts, which now no longer
Are foes, fill up ; for stronger
Our union shall be
Cemented here with me
This night—this joyous night !



DEAR MAID OF THE ISLE.

DEAR Maid of the Isle that my heart so
enchanted,
From which it now feels like a flower transplanted,
As it sighs for the sweet sunny spot where with
you
'Twas refresh'd with the sea-breeze and morn-
ing's soft dew :

How sad was the moment we whisper'd "fare
well,"
By that stream on whose banks grew the pretty
harebell
Which you offer'd me, saying, "When its like
you shall see,
Think kindly of her that has pluck'd this for
thee !"



Oh ! how fondly I've gazed—with what feelings
sublime,

Whenever a harebell I've seen since that time !
For its hue to my fancy thine eyes hath display'd,
While I've heard thy soft voice in the music it
made.

But I never have seen, since we parted, that
Isle,

Yet, I hope there again to behold thy sweet
smile ;

For thy spirit seems calling, whenever I dream,
“ Oh ! come to dear Mona—to Aber-ffraw's
stream !”

HARK, 'TIS MY COUNTRY'S HARP.

HARK, 'tis my country's harp I hear
 Among her mountains sounding !
 Softly its music now floats near,
 And now is distant bounding.

From rock to rock,
 The martial shock
 Of chords reverberate to the harper's hand :
 From vale to vale
 The glorious tale
 Resounds ; but who shall rise to guard our
 native land ?

The warrior's plume is lowly laid,
 And thrown aside Glendowr's blade,⁽¹⁰⁾
 That oft hath stricken terror through the foemen
 in the field !

212 HARK, 'TIS MY COUNTRY'S HARP.

Alas ! alas !

Defenceless stands each pass !

No vassals gather round their chiefs with sword
and spear, and shield !

The Sassenach usurps the land :

Crush'd is her spirit in his hand !

Even now our sacred harp is lent to harmonize
his songs ! (")

Oh, cursed perversion of its silvery strings !

Wither'd should be the hand that flings

One heavenly note away to aught

Whereby are Cambria's children taught

To mourn not o'er their fallen hopes, or to
forget their wrongs !



WEEP FOR THE ROSE OF
MONA'S ISLE.

AN ODE


ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY IN ANGLESEY.

WEEP for the Rose of Mona's Isle
The chilling blasts have swept away !
Yet, oh, how glorious was the smile
That lighted up her path to dark decay !
Even iron-soul'd Time appear'd to weep
So fair a flower was wafted to Oblivion's deep !

The *daffodil* that near her grew
Felt the keen blast that o'er her blew,
And droop'd its golden head in stately grief:
While at its side, the violet,
With bright eye wet,
Forlorn and pensively, sigh'd vainly for relief.

But what shall to them comfort yield ?
For every wild flower of the field,
On hearing of the Rose's fate,
Perfumed the air with sighs, as if she were their
mate !

Oh, wither'd flower !—oh, fallen bloom !
The willow o'er thy whiten'd tomb,
As gracefully it weeps,
Long, long shall tell the early doom
Of what beneath it sleeps !
And ever round the rocky isle
Where Nature first beheld thee smile,
The hoary sea
Shall speak of thee,
Till each unfathom'd cave re-echoes with thy
name !
And in each unknown cell,
Where spirits of Druids dwell,
The Zephyr's secret fingers oft shall tell
Upon thy country's harp,
In tones so solemn—sweet—and sharp—
The glories of thy beauty unto Fame,
Till she hath through the land immortalized the
same !



HOW SWEET IT IS TO WANDER.

How sweet it is to wander,
 When the moon is shining bright,
For the heart will always ponder
 The best abroad, by night :
For, while the breeze is creeping
 So softly down the vale,
Within the grove (late sleeping)
 Awakes the nightingale :
And whilst his song is swelling
 With rapture through the breast,
How plainly it seems telling
Of those once near us dwelling—
 The loved—the lost—the blest !

Though nought excels in splendour
 The brilliant Orb of day,
Yet give to me the tender
 Light of the moon's pale ray !



Though earth more gay appears
 When the sun is shining bright,
Yet, I love the dewy tears
 That deck the flowers by night !
Oh, ever let me wander
 When the moon is shining bright,
For the heart will always ponder
With feelings purer, fonder,
 Abroad—alone by night !

THE SHRINE OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

I LOVE her ! oh, no words can tell
 How dear she is to me !
 The memory of our last farewell
 Revives at every sentry-bell
 I hear upon the sea.
 And, ah, what can I fancy 'tis
 But Love's own call to duty ?
 It wakes my soul to think of bliss—
 It nerves my arm to guard what's his—
 The shrine of Youth and Beauty !

And when the battle rages long,
 And blood distains the wave—
 I'll think of her, so warm and young ;
 The foe's fierce cry shall make me strong.
 And Hope shall make me brave !—

I'll fancy that I fight for Love,
Who bids me do my duty;
Nor shall he me a craven prove
While righteous heaven regards, above,
The shrine of Youth and Beauty !

HOW SWEET TO BE.

How sweet to be where friends have met,
 Within whose souls dwells no regret,
 While on each countenance is set
 The smile of mirth and jollity !
 For as the sparkling goblet's crown'd,
 We hear no dull nor plaintive sound,
 But—" Merrily let the toast go round
 To those—to those we love to see !"

Whether 'gainst adverse gales we beat—
 Whether in Fortune's smooth retreat,
 We take our ease—yet, oh, how sweet
 To meet with those we love to see !
 Then, here's a health to those we've known—
 Long life and health to those who've shown
 Our friendship they will ne'er disown,
 But constant be,—but constant be !

WHY SHOULD THE HEART.

WHY should the heart be sad
When those we love are near,
And all the joys we've had,
Like Spring flowers, re-appear?
Ah, while we've friends around us,
And Memory's lamp's a-light,
Care never should confound us—
No grief should ever blight!

What—though our lives are fleeting,
And joys we've had are o'er?
Shall they whose hearts are beating,
The future *now* deplore?
Or, they who yet are able
To while away an hour,
Lament Time's wing, so sable,
Has crush'd some precious flower?

No ; hearts were form'd for loving,
And not to harbour Care ;
And conscience 'tis, reproving,
Makes mortal man despair.
Then, while we've friends around us,
And Memory's lamp's a-light,
Care never should confound us—
No grief should ever blight!

COME, PASS THE BOTTLE ROUND.

COME, pass the bottle round,
 And fill your glasses high ;
 Let merriment abound,
 And hush'd be every sigh.
 The night will soon be over—
 Rejoice while yet you may !
 Lost time we can't recover,
 Nor bid one moment stay.
 Then, high to Friendship fill, boys !—
 Let's act a manly part :
 Though Folly rules the *will*, boys,
 Yet Friendship rules the *heart* !

Since last around the board
 All happily we met,
 (Oh ! shameful to record !)
 Full many a sun has set ;

But Hope, the sweet deceiver,
Whose dreams so often blight !
Led Friendship to believe her,
And promised joy to-night.
Then, high to Friendship fill, boys !—
Let's act a manly part :
Though Folly rules the *will*, boys,
Yet, Friendship rules the *heart* !

And now, how sweet the meeting—
How pleasant is the sight !
Old friends once more are greeting .
Each other with delight !
Joy's brilliant sun on high
Ne'er shone so bright before ;
For Reason's fickle sky
No longer's clouded o'er.
Then, high to Friendship fill, boys !—
Let's act a manly part :
Though Folly rules the *will*, boys,
Yet Friendship rules the *heart* !

THE SPRING OF LIFE.

Oh, yes, the spring of life's so gay,
Who can forbear to sigh
Whene'er they feel the dull decay
Of youth's bright hours of joy ?
Though manhood's pleasures bolder seem
Than youth's dear, harmless joys ;
Yet, oh, I love that gentler dream
Of youth—it never cloy's !

When from us youth's gay scenes retreat,
While on through life we roam,
We feel as though our homes so sweet,
We left for ocean's foam :
Far, far behind the land recedes,
The fairy land of life ;
While broad and dark before us spreads
The sea of storm and strife.

But, oh, how sweet, if there we meet,
When pirated or wreck'd,
A *sail* we knew when cares were few,
And Hope had ne'er been check'd !
With heart and soul that Providence
That sent a saving hand,
We warmly thank ; and blessings pour
On those who by us stand.
And when they hear our tale of woe,
Their eyes grow dim with tears ;
For they knew us well, long, long ago,
And think of bygone years !

MAY PEACE EVER GUARD.

MAY Peace ever guard thy dwelling !
May Joy at thy hearth preside !
Whilst bright eyes there are telling
Pale Sorrow and Care, "*Go hide !*"
May Heaven its blessings pour
In thy path, like morning dew !
And the sun shine proudly o'er
All, all that is dear to you !

May the friends who now surround thee
Be always still the same !
May Ingratitude ne'er wound thee,
Nor false tongues blight thy name !
May every day behold thee
More fondly still caress'd ;
Till Fame's fair arms enfold thee,
And place thee amongst *her best !*



May the faith of her thou lovest
Be ever firm and true !
And wheresoe'er thou rovest,
May thy heart be faithful, too !
May the skies be bright above ye,
While this "vale of tears" you tread ;
And God himself aye love ye,
Till number'd with the dead !

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

FAREWELL ! farewell, thou pleasant time !
 Why should our hearts rebel ?
 Thou'rt gone to cheer some other clime ;
 Sweet Summer, fare-thee-well !
 As jocund friends we loved erewhile
 They cross'd the stormy main,
 We'll hope to give thy sunny smile
 Joy's welcome back again.

The rose has droop'd upon its stem—
 The monarch oak grows sere ;
 But we will never mourn for them,
 Nor shed one parting tear :
 For well we know the rose shall bloom,
 The oak tree bud once more ;
 So *we* will weep for those the tomb
 For ever closes o'er !—



Yes, Memory long shall grieve for those
We knew in Spring's gay hours ;
The friends we've seen, like flowerets close
Their leaves within thy bowers !
But, ah, sweet Spring can ne'er recall,
Nor wake them from the tomb ;—
The leaf shall often bud and fall,
But they no more will bloom !

COME, LET US SPEAK.

COME, let us speak of happier hours,
Nor mourn that they are sped,
But deem them everlasting-flowers,
That bright appear, though dead.

'Tis but the frail or faithless throng
Who grieve when Death's cold hand
Has still'd some gay companion's tongue,
And swept him from their band.

We know that friends, however dear,
Must from each other sever ;
And moments of enjoyment here—
They cannot last for ever.



Then, why for bygone days lament,
Though blissful they have been ?
We'll make our hearts their monument,
Where they shall still be seen ;

For Memory's immortal hand
Their epitaph shall write ;
While Friendship long shall love to stand
And read it with delight :

And Time shall round the tablet wreathe
Fresh garlands every year,
To guard these characters beneath—
“ *Departed joys lie here !*”

WHY SHOULD WE LOVE ?

WHY should we love ?—let fools adore,
 And wear Love's fabled chain ;
 At Beauty's shrine we'll bend no more—
 For *us* she smiles in vain.

Shall woman's eyes towards us act
 The magnet's subtle part ?
 Or, ruby lips, shall they exact
 The homage of the heart ?

No ! brightest eyes, and reddest lips,
 That can of rapture speak,
 Death's shadow will too soon eclipse,
 And blanch the fairest cheek !

Then if thou wouldst with woman share
Thy joys—thine all on earth :
Ask not “ the fairest of the fair,”
But seek for *real worth* !

HOW WOULDST THOU HAVE ME
WOO THEE.

How wouldst thou have me woo thee, dearest,
say—

Shall I bring gifts to bribe thy guileless heart—
Or, shall the frequent sigh my love portray—
Or, shall I towards thee act the flatterer's part?

Say, will it please thee if I woo thee, love,
With songs such as the lark in Summer sings,
When hovering high his gentle mate above,
Who fondly watches his untiring wings?

Or, shall I, in sweet melancholy strains—
Like those sad Philomel is wont by night
To warble in the ears of listening swains—
Complain of some unfelt, fictitious slight?



Ah, no ! no flattering lays for thee I'll sing,
Nor to thine ear a foolish passion tell ;
But will a faithful heart unto thee bring :—
If *that* will not suffice—then, *fare-thee-well* !

MARCH ON—MARCH ON!

MARCH on—march on ! ye gallant men !
Avenge your fallen comrades' fate !
No pity show the murderers' den,
But every soul annihilate !
Your chieftain's bones dishonour'd lie—
His lady wears the captive's chain ;
No golden prize now tempts the eye,
But vengeance for the enslaved and slain !

Forget not ye that, still decay
Our friends in one unburied mass
Where they were massacred that day,
Within the dreadful mountain-pass !—
They fell waylaid by traitor hands,
While homeward, faint, they strove to flee ;
Too few to dare the hostile bands
Which throng'd that land of treachery.




But now, oh, countrymen ! 'tis yours
To pour requital on the foe :
Justice the victory secures—
Approach, and lay the assassins low !
Your country's eyes are on ye all ;
Your country's prayers are with ye, too ;
March on !—avenge your comrades' fall—
Heaven frowns on them—but smiles on you !

BOAST NOT OF WIT.

Boast not of wit nor learning,
Nor of the keen discerning
 That quick can scan
 The thoughts of man,
And read on what they're turning.
 Be this thy boast,
 And value most—
A heart that's warm and true to all :
 A groat to spend,
 Or give, or lend,
And a sword to draw at Freedom's call !

The man who boasts his treasure,
His learning, wit, or leisure,
 But never spends
 Them 'mongst his friends—
I hate beyond all measure !



If Honour calls
Thee to her halls,
And wealth and fame await thee there ;
Oh, ne'er forget
Dear Friendship's debt,
But with thy friends thy glories share !


For, what avails man's learning,
His wit, his keen discerning,
If he can claim
No worthier name
Than what deserves our spurning ?
Then while you live
Forget—forgive—
Do all the good you may or can ;
No friend despise,
But share your joys,
And die a happy, honour'd man !

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

WHILE roving through the Spring-clad fields
one day,

Thus did I hear a lovely maid complain,
As on a sunny bank reclined she lay,
In anxious expectation of her swain.

“ Lubin ! Lubin ! cruel boy !
Thus to suffer me to sigh !
Ere 'twas noon you promised me
Hither you would waiting be :
But the noontide hour is flown,
And I'm sighing here alone.
False will seem the tales of bliss
Dear Lubin told, till felt his kiss !”



“Fond maid!” I whisper’d to myself, “beware!
Love tempts to Folly—Folly brings despair!”

But ere the thoughts had left my breast,
Lubin’s lip the maid’s had press’d;
And yielding all their souls to Love,
Thoughtless of woe, or heaven above—
That hour that hapless pair became
A sacrifice to grief and shame!

Along the vale, and up the mountain path,
The wintry wind howl’d loud, and pour’d the
rain;
When, shivering ’midst the elemental wrath,
A youthful mother thus I heard complain:

“Lubin! Lubin!—heartless youth!
Where is now thy boasted truth?
Friendless, and without a home,
Thy child and I the wild waste roam!
Lubin, when he won my heart,
Vow’d he ne’er would from me part:
Lubin’s vows and tales of joy
Now my heart and soul destroy!”

“Virtue,” I said, “to woman should be dear,
For Love is false, and the cold world—severe !”

But ere the thoughts were well express’d,
She dash’d the infant from her breast,
And rushing thence, with idiot scream,
She plunged within a neighbouring stream,
Whose troubled waters swiftly bore
Her spirit to Oblivion’s shore !

WHY THIS HASTE?

WHY this haste, my Bessy, dear ?
 Be hush'd, ye coy and vain alarms !
 A moment yet we'll linger here,
 Thus clasp'd within each other's arms.
 Stay, love !—oh, stay !
 Behold the moon, how bright above !
 The sun by day
 May beam with warmer, brighter ray,
 But the moon shines at night for Love !
 Stay !—stay !

The flowers their eyes in darkness close,
 But woman's are so full of light
 They never should at eve repose,
 But sparkle, then, like stars, more bright.

Stay, love !—oh, stay !
The night-thrush warbles in the grove :
The lark by day
May sing a blither, happier lay,
But the Nightingale sings for Love !
Oh, stay !

A GLORIOUS DAY IS BREAKING.

A GLORIOUS day is breaking
 On yonder jocund hills,
 Where Zephyr, just awaking,
 Comes dripping from their rills :
 And as o'er earth he wanders,
 While heaven with music rings,
 In sparkling rows he squanders
 The dew-drops from his wings !
 Awake thee, love !—awake thee !
 Behold the sun arise !
 And o'er the silent lake—see,
 The mist of morning flies !

The sun was form'd to brighten
 With golden beam, the day ;
 And woman's smiles to lighten
 Man's soul with pleasure's ray—

The grape was form'd for pressing
In cups of liquid bliss ;
But heaven's sublimest blessing
Is—a ruby lip to kiss !
Then, wake thee, love—awake thee !
Behold the sun arise !
And o'er the silent lake—see,
The mist of morning flies !

Health blushes on the mountain—
Joy whispers in the breeze—
Peace hovers o'er the fountain,
And song-birds fill the trees.
What joyous hours in slumber,
Ye rosy maidens lose ;
Not Love himself can number
The blessings ye refuse !
Then, wake thee, love—awake thee !
Behold the sun arise !
And o'er the silent lake—see,
The mist of morning flies !




YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH TO AGE.

OLD Man, grim Time is o'er thee stealing,
 And in vain is all concealing,
 For no art can smooth the wrinkles
 Which on thy face engraven are ;
 Nor brush away the snow age sprinkles
 O'er thy once luxuriant hair.

AGE TO YOUTH.

Fair Youth, though like a rose thou'rt blooming,
 Beware, for age o'er *thee* is coming !
 And though smiling friends surround thee,
 (Like sunbeams on the falling flower,)
 They'll only serve to mock and wound thee,
 Hastening to Oblivion's bower !



Young friend !—Time's iron hand doth chasten
All of us ; we daily hasten
 Towards the tomb, so dark and chilling,
 Where rich and poor all equal lie :
And Youth and Beauty, though unwilling,
 E'en like decrepit Age must die !

Why, then, should I, whose locks are hoary,
Tremble to go where all before me
 Yet have gone—and *thou* must follow ?
 I've lived through many a changing scene,
And always found how vain and hollow
 Friendship, Mirth, and Love have been.

Time hath nought but anguish brought me,
And but one true lesson taught me,
 That, all are born to pain and sorrow,
 Though this life is but a span :
“ Here to-day, and gone to-morrow,”
 Such the brief history of *man* !

A SILENT TEAR.

A SILENT tear at parting
 Came o'er her eye of blue,
 Like morning mists that gather
 O'er heaven ere Sol shines through ;
 But soon Love's smile, so beaming,
 That tear-drop chased away,
 While o'er her gentle spirit
 Burst Hope's celestial ray.

" Now, go," she said, " and Heaven
 Protect my gallant lord,
 Till Slavery's chain is broken,
 And Peace hath wreathed thy sword :
 Then, like some bird of summer,
 Scared from its happy nest,
 Return unto this bosom,
 And there in rapture rest."

No more her tongue could utter,
For she heard the clarion sound ;
And she felt his cold lips kiss her,
As he from her side did bound.
But for her lord's returning
In vain that lady sigh'd,
For in the thickest battle,
For Freedom's cause he died !

MY PRETTY ROSE-TREE!

Oh, my pretty Rose-tree—
Oh, my pretty Rose-tree,
Was the pride of the garden and joy of my
heart;
For no plant e'er had flowers,
To sunshine and showers
Exposed, half so perfect in every part.

The lily, so fair,
And the violet were there
By its side, and how sweet was the contrast
they made!
But when these expired,
Of blossoming tired,
The Rose-tree still gladden'd all hearts, unde-
cay'd.

But sad was the doom
Of my tree ;—when in bloom,
And Nature look'd on with admiring e'e ;
A savage storm came,
And the lightning's red flame,
It blasted my darling—my pretty Rose-tree !

Oh, my pretty Rose-tree—
Oh, who can it be
But the lassie I worshipp'd so fondly and true ?
For Death sudden came
With sad fever's hot flame,
And my Flora was gone ere her sorrows I knew !




TO THE OLD AND NEW YEARS.

FAREWELL—farewell! thou by-gone year!

We will not with thee part
Without awarding thee the tear,
Regret rolls through the heart!
For, though we welcome the New Year,
Yet it may grieve us sore ;
And since *thou* 'rt gone, thou dost appear
More bright than all before !

Thou new-born year ! we greet thee now :

Oh ! may we see thee pass
Without a sorrow on thy brow,
Through Time's eternal glass !
And when the Hours thy requiem sing,
As for the by-gone Year,
May we no curse upon thee fling,
But mourn above thy bier !



A DIRGE OF THE OCEAN.

THE storm was o'er—no longer tost
 The gallant ship: she sunk—was lost !
 And with her all her hardy crew—
 Her passengers—her cargo, too !
 For many a league, far, far away,
 The nearest shore unto them lay ;
 And none had time that found'ring barque
 To leave, ere Death had all made dark !

In the deep—in the deep
 They sank to rest ;
 And they sleep—and they sleep
 In silence, blest !
 And many a rough and furious blast
 Hath since that day above them past,



But no tempests e'er again shall wake them,
Nor rude storms make them
Tremble with fear and anxious sighs—
And Time unheeded by them flies—
Like vessels which o'er them spread their sails
To woo the breath of prospering gales.

No gaudy tomb
Their corses hide ;
But the crystal gloom
Of the ocean tide,
Whose bosom forms their sacred pillow !
None there deplore them,
Save the bird that shrieks o'er them,
And the ever, ever murmuring billow !

How sweet—how sweet to lie
Like them within the deep !
For none can wake the sigh
By viewing where they sleep.
Their fleshless bones
The shell-fish deck
With gems that on earth
Adorn woman's neck !

But, buried *here*, the earthworm's brood
Rapacious, in our graves intrude,
While Passion mocks or mourns above.
Then give me—then, give me
The seaman's grave,
Fathomless and free,
'Neath the ocean's wave,
Unknown, and far from Hatred and from Love.



NO, NO,—NEVER.


No, no,—never listen,
Nor in thy breast record
A tale that hath arisen
From some mistaken word.
They who spread the story
Would deem it but a trifle—
And in the act would glory—
Thy fair fame to rifle !
Then, dearest, never listen,
Nor in thy breast record
A tale that hath arisen
From some mistaken word.

If my heart hath wander'd
From the path of duty ;
If mine eye hath ponder'd
On another's beauty ;

If my mind to roving
Ever once was prone,
Or cherish'd thoughts of loving
Aught but thee alone ;
If these lips have ever
Enjoy'd a stranger's kiss—
Then may I never—*never*
Through life know *real* bliss.

By yon bright blue Heaven,
That seeth if I lie ;
By all the stars of even,
That hear *for whom* I sigh ;
By the first love I show'd thee,
(Which *thou* dost know was true !)
By all the joys bestow'd me
By thee—for ever new !
By all thou deemest holy
On earth—in heaven above ;
Thee—*thee* alone, and solely
I've loved—and aye shall love !

The voices that defame me
Are enemies to both ;
And now attempt to shame me,
Because their smiles I loathe.




Then, dearest, cease thy weeping,
For they would gladly see
Our broken hearts both sleeping
“Beneath the willow tree!”
Oh, never—never listen,
Nor in thy breast record
A tale that hath arisen
From some mistaken word!


ON A CUP

EMBOSSSED WITH A WREATH OF ROSES.

COME, dash away those roses,
For though they bloom so fair,
Beneath their leaves reposes
A thorn to wound and tear.
The bowl by Friendship offer'd
Our jovial hearts to win,
A charm should have, when proffer'd,
Without, as well as, *in* !
Then, wreath it round with laurel ;
Its leaves are holier far
To lips, howe'er immoral,
Than sweetest roses are.



But if for Friendship wholly
 This bowl thou dost intend,
An ivy wreath, so lowly,
 Around its circle bend.
Though rows of lilies bound it,
 All beautiful to see,
They could not clasp around it,
 Like the loving ivy-tree!
Still, if thou dost design it
 For other lips than ours ;
With aught thou choosest twine it,
 Except those blushing flowers.



YES, THERE ARE JOYS.

Yes, there are joys
 In this world of ours,
 Which men despise
 In Youth's bright hours ;
 But when grey hairs
 O'erspread the brow,
 And pains and cares
 Have bent them low,—
 What would they give
 But one brief day
 Of youth to live
 Again, so gay ?
 Not Cræsus' wealth
 They'd deem too great
 The stripling's health
 To buy, and state !



While flowers that bloom,
And fragrance shed,
Wake thoughts of gloom,
And friendships dead !
But such was never
Nature's plan ;
For smiles she ever
Meant for man !



WHO SHALL DRINK, AND *I* REFRAIN?

WHO shall drink, and *I* refrain,
 When around me friends I see,
 And the *tippie* is champagne?
 Though it *real pain* brings *me*!
 Never shall my heart decline,
 Nor from a sparkling glass retreat—
 I'll pledge my soul to all in wine,
 While I am spared my friends to meet!

And should a foe be ever found
 Within our merry circle placed,
 I'll bid him pass the bottle round,
 And drink, "Oblivion to the past!"
 But if his haughty soul refuse,
 Then let him cease with me to sip,
 Lest from his heart each drop should ooze
 In curses to his fever'd lip!

This "life's a bumper!"—every day,
An effervescence from the cup!
The spirit soon will pass away—
Its dregs, the grave will swallow up!
Then, ere that gloomy hour arrives,
When Death the cup of life shall drain,
To Friendship's cause let's pledge our lives,
Like men who hope to meet again!



THE HARP I WHILOM LOVED TO
HEAR.

THE harp I whilom loved to hear,
For then my heart was gay :
And those who round me gather'd near,
I thought would ever stay.
But now my lovers all are gone—
The harp I cannot bear ;
For from each string there breathes a tone
Of sad, desponding care !

The eyes that beam'd, when erst we met,
Like brilliant stars at night,
Wherein I see reflected yet,
Love—rapture—and delight !
Those eyes are closed !—the cheek that blush'd
Is pale, and withering fast ;—
The voice that thrill'd my heart is hush'd—
The soul from earth has pass'd !

Ah, what shall now replace the joys—
The friendships that are o'er ?
What eyes shall beam like those sweet eyes
That lit my soul of yore ?
Alas, in vain we seek again
The pleasures that have fled ;
And memory but augments the pain,
In thinking of the dead !

NELLY.

THE rose has left thy cheek, Nelly !
 The rose has left thy cheek ;
 And the bloom fast fading from thy lips
 Doth of the cold grave speak,
 Nelly !

The light hath left thine eye, Nelly !
 The light hath left thine eye ;
 And dread, and vacant is its look,
 So shrunk—so dim—and dry,
 Nelly !

Thy grief doth pierce my heart, Nelly !
 But vain is thy despair ;
 The butterfly's gay wing, when crush'd,
God, only, can repair,
 Nelly !

Oh, cursed be his name, Nelly !
 May Heaven its vengeance wreak
On him who stole the virtuous blush
 That once adorn'd thy cheek,
 Nelly !

HE CALLS ME BY MY REAL
NAME.

He calls me by my real name—
 How changed he now must be !
 He did not *once* address me thus,
 When full of life and glee !
 And yet, his words of kindness breathe—
 Although his tone's severe—
 " Beware, beware !"—it is too late !
 But still, he calls me " dear !"

Oh, chastity !—thou glorious gem,
 That woman dost adorn,
 However beautiful she be—
 However frightful born—

When thou art lost, her all is gone—
 Her life's not worth the name;
 By friends despised—and shunn'd by *man*,
 The author of her shame!

Poor, wretched heart, thou canst not bear
 This load of sorrow long;
 The earth seems yawning 'neath my feet,
 And spectres round me throng!
 My mother—father—brother, dear,
 Within the grave are laid,
 Yet to my sight they seem to rise,
 And wofully upbraid!

My hopes are blighted in the bud—
 No sun shall bid them bloom;
 For he who hath betray'd my heart
 Is slumbering in the tomb!
 He never can come back to me,
 And all my friends depart:
 Oh, Heaven! blot my name from earth!
 Break, break, my ruined heart!

TOUCH NOT THE HARP.

TOUCH not the harp again
 To that soul-thrilling air !
 For, oh ! it speaks of one—
 Beloved—for ever gone,
 To dwell (an angel) *there* !
 Yet, to my throbbing heart,
 Those notes such pangs impart,
 That Death's relentless dart
 Could scarcely give more pain !

Oh, she was far more bright
 Than aught thou e'er didst see—
 The silvery clouds that fly
 Along the summer sky,
 Are not so fair as she !

And the sweet notes you flung
From off those strings, have sprung
In language from her tongue
To charm me, many a night.

Sweet harper, cease to touch
Those willing chords again
To that impassion'd air:
Spare—spare my bosom!—spare
My memory—oh, my brain!
Though years have o'er me sped
Since her gentle spirit fled,
Yet, oh, those notes I dread—
I loved—*still* love—*too much*!

OH, DEEM NOT I AM ALWAYS THUS.

OH, deem not I am always thus, so happy and
 so gay—
 The hearts that now are gladdening us, ere long
 must pass away ;
 The stars at night may twinkle bright, and the
 sun may shine by day ;
 Yet, when this sets, and those are hid, who can
 be merry, say ?

Have you not mark'd the rainbow's streaks the
 threatening cloud illume ?
 Even so my gaiety bespeaks there is beyond it
 gloom—
 The smile you see upon my lips, it is not always
 there,
 For the fount of joy too oft is dry, or else 'tis
 choked by care.

276 OH, DEEM NOT I AM ALWAYS THUS.

The rose in summer decks its stem, delighting
every eye,
But when chill autumn comes it falls, and the
tree appears to die ;
Thus, I am glad 'neath Friendship's smile, for
then my spirits bloom ;
But the joys that sparkle round the while, too
early meet their doom !


Then think not when you hear me laugh I'm
acting nature's part—
To-morrow morn you'd shun with scorn this
cold, dejected heart !
The poppy's gay, yet who can say they love its
gaudy bloom ?—
The scent it yields deceives each nerve when we
to prove it come.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE LARK.

I LOVE to hear the lark
When its wing I cannot mark,
As loftily it flies
Into the azure skies,
My love !

For then I seem to hear
Thy voice so soft and clear,
That thrills me with delight,
In my dreams of bliss by night,
My love !

The nightingale (sad thing !)
At eve its lays may sing ;
But it tells me nought of *thee*,
For thou'rt too full of glee,
My love !



Nor can the gentle thrush
In its own sweet hawthorn-bush
Sing a song that speaks of thee,
Like the merry lark's to me,
My love!

Oh, the lark's a timid thing,
Yet, it hath a buoyant wing,
And a soul as buoyant, too,
As heavenwards ever flew,
My love!

And when its song is heard
On high—'tis like a bird
Of Paradise to me;
For it sings—it sings of *thee*,
My love!

GOOD NIGHT, MY LOVE!

Good night, my love!—good night ;
 Though thou art far from *me*,
Yet I will slumber light,
 And dream sweet dreams of *thee* !
For whereso'er I rove—
 Beneath whatever skies—
My dreams are all of love,
 And thy soft brilliant eyes !
 Good night — good night — good
 night !


Sol's beams each morning break
 Our first and only sleep ;
And gaily we awake,
 Like bright waves on the deep.

And as we bound along,
Far o'er the hills away,
Full many a varied song
Cheers on the hastening day.
Good night — good night — good
night !

Good night—good night, my love !—
May Heaven watch o'er thee keep
Where'er thy footsteps move,
And when thou art asleep !—
May no ill dreams affright,
But may thy slumbers be
As sweet as if this night
My bosom pillow'd thee !
Good night — good night — good
night !

ROW ME DOWN THE RIVER.

Row me down the river, boys—
 Row me down the river ;
Cupid now has ta'en the helm,
 And steers us with his quiver.
Row me to yon sunny bank,
 Where my love is blooming,
Fairer than her own sweet rose,
 Heaven and earth perfuming.
Oh, no flower with her can vie
 In majesty or beauty—
She is all the heart can wish
 To worship as a duty !
Row me down the river, boys !
 Row me down the river ;
Cupid now has ta'en the helm,
 And steers us with his quiver !



Though the boat's so crank and small,
Each stroke doth make her shiver,
Yet, what care I—we swifter glide
Down, down the rapid river!
And never panted hunted deer
For fountains coolly welling,
More than I to reach yon bank
Where my love is dwelling!
Row me down the river, boys!
Row me down the river;
Cupid now has ta'en the helm,
And steers us with his quiver!

YES, I WILL COME TO THEE.

YES, I will come to thee,
When daylight o'er the hills
Is beautifully breaking,
If thou wilt fly with me
Whither no sorrow fills
The anxious heart with aching:
For why should care consume
The rose upon thy cheek
Voluptuously blowing ;
When Joy can quick relume
Its blush, if thou wilt seek
Her smiles where I am going.


I know a sunny isle
Beyond the glistening tide
Far, far away, away, love !

Its happy features smile
In peacefulness allied
To everlasting day, love !
There, if thou'lt dwell with me
Within that land so blest,
Whose sky is never clouded ;
This heart shall pillow thee,
While thou dost sink to rest,
Beneath Love's soft wings shrouded !

HOW SWEET THE BALMY HOUR.

How sweet the balmy hour,
 When the dews begin to rise
From every opening flower,
 Like incense, to the skies!—
'Tis then I love to stray
 To some high mountain-peak,
And watch the coming day
 Through the misty distance break ;
 While the sparkling stream
 Flows gurgling sweet
 In the sun's first beam,
 From its dark retreat ;
 And the gilded dome,
 And the white-wash'd home
Of the cottager, lie below ;
 And the songs of birds,
 And the low of herds,
Sound sweet as the soft winds blow :

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For sweet is the balmy hour,
 When the dew's begin to rise
 From every opening flower,
 Like incense to the skies.

Some love to roam at night
 The shadowy beach along,
 To watch the moon shine bright,
 And listen the billows' song ;
 And though I love to see,
 And hear the midnight waves
 When they are bounding free
 From their deep and mystic caves ;
 Yet, I'd rather hear
 At break of day,
 The birds sing clear
 On the hills, away !
 For, like Seraphim's
 Are their matin hymns,
 Full of rapture and deep delight;
 And they tell how hale
 Is the morning gale
 As it chases the dreary night !

HOW SWEET THE BALMY HOUR. 287

Oh ! sweet is the balmy hour,
When the dews begin to rise
From every opening flower,
Like incense to the skies.

WHEN, LIKE THE BEE.

WHEN, like the bee, I roving went
From flower to flower the meads along,
My heart full charged with merriment,
And Love the burthen of my song ;
I knew not then what 'twas to pine,
And laugh'd at those who talk'd of *Care* ;
For joy and bliss alone were mine,
And everything look'd bright and fair.

There came no day, there flew no hour
That brought not forth some new delight,
Till Pleasure almost lost the power
To soothe the pamper'd appetite.
But joy and bliss are mine no more,
And all things fair and bright are fled ;
For as the fields I traverse o'er,
I find my once-loved flowerets dead.

Farewell—farewell ! ye happy hours !

No more with Beauty now I stray
To fabled Love's romantic bowers,

To while your precious chimes away :
The vain regret—the sigh—the tear,

Are mine alone : unlike the bee,
I have no treasured sweets to cheer

Life's winter hours, now dark and dree !

THE VILLAGE TREE.

No leaf adorns the village tree,
 Its branches all have dropp'd away,
And pitiful it is to see
 The hoary trunk piecemeal decay ;
For once it was a stately thorn,
 As ever graced the peaceful green ;
And gather'd round it, night and morn,
 Our ancestors were daily seen.

And many a song, beneath its boughs,
 Of rustic love was sung of old ;
And many a tale of war and woes,
 Hath oft beneath its shade been told.
And many a rude initial, graved
 Upon its trunk, there still appears ;
The only records Time hath saved
 Of those departed Villagers !

But while around this altered spot
In melancholy mood I pace,
Unknown I wander, or forgot ;
Nor meet with one familiar face.
This lonely tree, decaying fast,
Which from my heart demands a tear,
Is all that tells me of the past,
And that I claim my birth-place here.

And art thou, then, poor Hawthorn, dead—
And are thy days of glory o'er ?
Alas, thy branches all are shed,
And thou canst never blossom more !
How like, sad tree, my lot to thine—
The flowers that once adorn'd my stem
Within the cold earth now recline,
And my heart yearns to be with them !



THEY ARE GONE FROM THE HALLS.

THEY are gone from the halls their fathers built
When they tower'd aloft in their pride ;
For vainly their deeds of deceit and guilt
From the world they endeavour'd to hide.
The curse of the fatherless haunts their souls,
As the widow's wail they hear ;
And the poor man's hate is like burning coals,
But quenchless—consuming with fear !

The arms of the stranger now are seen
Where *their* 'scutcheon hung of yore ;
And the poor have long right welcome been
To re-enter the old hall's door.
The only vestige that yet remains
Of those who possess'd those halls,
Is a tatter'd banner that hangs in chains,
Like a felon, against the walls.

They are fugitives now in distant lands,
And their homes they no more shall see ;
For in innocent blood they dyed their hands
When they strove to enslave the free.
Oh, Earth will rejoice when the tyrants die ;
And over the boiling waves
Contempt shall point to the lands where they
lie,
But none shall behold their graves !

THE ROVER'S FATE.

“ TELL me, my daughter, wherefore dost thou
weep ?

Why are thy cheeks so pale—thy sighs so deep ?
Have William's vows betrayed thy faithful heart—
Or, dost thou mourn that he is far apart ?”

“ Oh, mother, mother—he has not betray'd—
To part with William I was ne'er afraid—
But busy fiends keep whispering in my ear
That we no more shall see my father dear !”

“ My child, my child—name not such fears, I
pray—

Last night I dreamt his barque was in the bay,
And though this night is dark, the wind is wild,
I know he's on the wide, wide sea, my child !”

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“ Oh, mother, mother—did you not *then* hear
That dreadful cry—that horrid shriek of fear ?
His barque—his barque—it must be in the bay,
Oh, let us to the beach—I dare not stay !”

A torch she lighted, and she sought the door,
To hasten thence unto the stormy shore ;
When loud her mother shriek'd in wild dismay—
The beacon-fire was out that lit the bay !

Away, away—unto the beach they flew—
A shatter'd mast they found—a corpse they
knew,
But 'twas not *his*—yet one of his brave band ;
And many another strew'd the surf-beat strand !

How frantic, then, that wretched pair became—
The husband's fate, and lover's, were the same :
For William was the Pirate's friend, well tried,
And long with him had roved the ocean wide.

But, not a soul escaped that awful night,
All, all had perished, with the beacon's light !
The daring Rover miss'd the well-known mark,
And struck the rocky headland in the dark !

OH, IF THERE'S ONE SPOT IN THE
WORLD.

OH, if there's one spot in the world more dear
To the heart than another, it surely is *here* !
For my soul with emotion feels ready to melt
As I stand on the Isle where my forefathers
dwelt ;
And where'er I may rove, yet I never shall see
A land half so dear and enchanting to me !

Though the voices that hail me sound strange
to my ear
Whene'er on this welcoming strand I appear ;
Yet, the language is sweeter to me, though
unknown,
Than that which from childhood I've claim'd as
my own :

And fondly the hope in my bosom doth burn,
That my tongue, ere I die, *that* loved language
may learn.

Though the dark groves of oak, like the Druids,
are gone,
And each Chromlech is passed as a relic
unknown;
And few are the beauties a stranger can see
When he visits this island, so charming to me,
Yet, Remembrance for ever keeps hovering
round,
And the dreariest spot is to me hallowed ground!

Oh, isle of my fathers, dear Mona, when first
I beheld thee, through joy my young heart
almost burst;
And my fondness for thee, now I stand on thy
shore,
Is still as romantic as ever before:
And the proudest of wishes my heart can com-
mand
Is—to sleep my last sleep in my dear father's
land!

OH, LET THY HEART CONTENTED BE.

Oh, let thy heart contented be !
 Whatever lot may fall to thee
 While travelling through this wilderness ;
 For never didst thou know distress
 Deeper than what, on looking round,
 Thou'st seen thy neighbour's soul confound,
 And make him wish, to see thee pine,
 That *his* lot were no worse than *thine*.

Oh, let thy heart contented be—
 No mortal is from sorrow free !
 Though bright may be youth's morning sky,
 Yet, ere the eve of life draws nigh,
 A cloud—a darkening cloud—will come,
 And shade the smiling lip with gloom ;
 And though our hearts may laugh once more,
 Their mirth's less artless than before.

Oh, let thy heart contented be—
All must fulfil their destiny !
And whatsoe'er may be our state
It is in vain to pine at Fate,
For different is the lot of all ;
Unequal Fortune's favours fall :
On those deserving most she frowns,
And oft with smiles the worthless crowns.

Have we not seen the proud laid low—
The oppressor to his victims bow ?
And seen, again, the humble rise,
And those who scorn'd them once, despise ?
And oft seen sorrow turn'd to joy ;
And they who laugh'd, with tearful eye ?
Then let thy heart contented be,
For changes we shall always see !

THE PENSIONER.

WITH what delight, when daylight fades away,
The Pensioner resumes his "*yard of clay*,"
Puffs his few cares aloft in clouds of smoke,
Hums an old air, or cracks a friendly joke ;
While at his side, his honest heart to cheer,
His humble beverage stands—a pot of beer.
And as the hour grows later, and the fire
Receives another log, and blazes higher,
Around him throng the villagers to hear,
And at his tales of terror shed the tear ;
For his chief converse is of bloody wars,
And as he talks he shows his " cuts and scars,"—
Tells where each horrid gash his breast received,
And how grim Death he often hath deceived.
Then as he doth each victory review,
His martial courage seems to burn anew,—


Again he sees the batter'd walls give way—
Again remounts the breach with loud huzza—
Miraculously stands the foemen's fire,
And spikes their guns as they, o'erwhelm'd
retire!

Or turning from the siege, with fresh delight,
Describes each battle-field—each charge—each
flight ;

How rushing cavalry the squares attack,
Confound their bristling fronts, or else fall
back ;

How bayonet oft to bayonet is opposed—
How fierce the strife when horse to horse have
closed !

And makes his hearers shudder as he tells
Of crackling bones and agonizing yells,
Until they fancy that they see and hear
The clash of arms and Death triumphant near !
And having talk'd of cannonade, grape shot—
Of light artillery, mortars, and what not—
He'll then depict the curse of a defeat,
And the shrill trumpet sounding a retreat—
The shouts of victory that aloft are sent
By those who conquer, with sweet music blent ;



The wild confusion of the vanquish'd foe—
The dark dismay that marks his overthrow ;
The havoc of pursuit—the dreadful waste
Of human life, that waits upon the chased !
And, to complete this spectacle of war,
And fill his hearers' hearts with deeper awe,
He paints the horrors of the midnight plain
Strewn with the dying, and the silent slain ;
And tells how dread—how terrible a sight
To look athwart that plain by pale moonlight ;
And watch the wounded crawling to and fro,
And horses plunging with death's latest throe ;
And hear the shrieks—the groans—the wails—
the prayers—
The fearful curses of the sufferers !

More horrid things he tells them he could state,
But they've "supp'd full of horrors," and 'tis
late :
Yet, ere he lays his blackening pipe aside,
Portrays, well pleased, with egotistic pride,
How every battle fought was lost and won ;
Nor deems himself much less than Wellington !

Such are the tales the Pensioner keeps in store,
And to him opens every cottage door :
Their inmates love him , and they freely tell
Their secrets to him—he's their oracle :
He quells each rising feud ; and Slander's tongue
Grows dumb at his approach, in old and young ;
For *he* is not a mischief-making man,
But kind to all, and does what good he can :
For though the pittance paid by Government,
Keeps him from want, and liquidates his rent,
Yet does he not *his* argument belie—
“ The hale should work, if but for charity : ”—
He works for *charity*—for what he gets
He gives to pay his poorer neighbours' debts—
The sick to comfort, or the aged to cheer,
And with a heart compassionate—sincere !
Nor marvel ye that he hath aught to give—
He doth two stipends annually receive—
For he's the parish clerk, and schoolmaster—
Has no relations—is a bachelor !


Long may he live ! and long without alloy
The blessings of a happy man enjoy !

For though in days by-gone much blood he shed,
He fought for life or death, and oft hath bled ;
And light he deems the crime—if crime at all ;
Greater *their* crime who heed not Freedom's call !
He staked his life his country to defend
From proud usurpers, who her rights would
 rend ;
And dear the thought which sometimes swells
 his breast,
That when his bones within the church-yard rest,
Youths yet unborn will seek the soldier's grave,
And, pointing to his epitaph, grow brave !

THE DAYS OF LOVE AND GLADNESS.

THE days of love and gladness,
How swift they past us fly;
While hours of grief and sadness
Never seem to die.
The friends we love the dearest
For ever first depart,
And leave the insincerest
To wound and break the heart!

In vain the charms of Beauty
Decay and Death beguile;
Fix'd is their ruthless duty,
To slay and then despoil!



To cull the ^{earli}~~finest~~ flowers
 Doth man for ever thirst ;
 And thus are Youth's gay hours
 By Death cut short the first.

Can pleasure bear contrasting
 In endurance with woe ?
 Is friendship e'er as lasting
 As enmity ?—ah, no !
 Alas, whatever pleases,
 Is always soonest lost !
 Thus the rare floweret freezes,
 While weeds defy the frost !

OH, YES, SAD THOUGHTS.

OH, yes, sad thoughts will come,
 Although the heart be gay ;
 As evening hides in gloom
 The fairest—brightest day.
 If life was free from all alloy,
 And day no night possess'd,
 We ne'er should learn to value joy,
 Nor know the sweets of rest.

Thus, then, 'tis vain to pine,
 And dim the eyes with tears :
 For will not Phœbus shine
 Again when morn appears ?
 Ah, yes, and though the heart awhile
 May mourn through care to-day,
 To-morrow, we shall wake to smile
 With hearts more light and gay.

FILL HIGH—FILL HIGH.

FILL high—fill high the frothing horn—
 Fill it high to John Barleycorn !
 The Sovereign-lord of all grain is he,
 And the monarch of all good company !
 Behold, how majestic he bendeth round
 His noble head upon English ground,
 While a golden crown adorns his *ears*
 As he stands begirt with his suite of *spears*.

Fill high—fill high the frothing horn—
 Have we not seen him in triumph borne
 To a dungeon old, in durance vile,
 Whence he hath come with a glorious smile
 To cheer the earth, when the rebel cry
 That arose against his dynasty
 Has changed to a shout of triumphant glee,
 “Behold, behold—John Barleycorn’s free !”

Fill high—fill high the frothing horn—
A prince at his birth was John Barleycorn !
The Harvest Prince !—for what grain like him
Is so stout of flesh, or so lithe of limb ?
And none have such pure *red blood* as he—
None have a *spirit* so bright and free !
And none can impart to the heart forlorn,
Such rapture and mirth as John Barleycorn !

Then drink success to John Barleycorn,
And fill to the brim the frothing horn ;
Fill it up high with his own red blood,
For no wine was ever so bright and good !
Fill up, fill up—till it overflows,
And drowns in its circle our cares and woes !
With a liberal hand, and a foaming horn,
We must drink success to John Barleycorn !

CURSE NOT THE PLACE.

CURSE not the place were thou wert born ;
It might have been thy lot
To live more hopeless and forlorn
In any other spot.

Thy mother welcomed thee with joy,
And did thee *there* embrace ;
And blest thee as her " darling boy"
Within that hated place !

'Twas there thy father kiss'd thy cheek,
And said " When I am gone,
The friends who loved to hear me speak
Shall hear me in my son !"

'Twas *there* thy youthful days were past—
To manhood *there* thou grew ;
And *there* may Fortune make, at last,
A favourite yet of you !

Where'er we rove, we ne'er shall see
A sky without a cloud :
Where'er we go, we still shall be
By disappointments bow'd.

And though thou'st known more adverse fate
Than is the common lot,
Yet, there are *some* unfortunate
In every earthly spot.

Then, henceforth never brand again
Thy birth-place with disgrace :
'Tis not the *place* that *shames the man*,
But *man* that *shames the place* !

ALAS, THOU HOARY TREE !

ALAS, thou hoary tree !
And art thou down at last ?
With but one leaf on thee
Left trembling in the blast !
Thou once didst flourish fair,
And blossoms deck'd thy stem ;
But now thou'rt shrunk and bare,
And liest as low as them !

Full many a weary year
Have tempests round thee raved,
And long didst thou appear
Their fury to have braved ;
But when thou ceased to bloom,
And did thy leaves resign
Unto the hungry tomb,
All saw thy strength decline !

Still, though thy leaves fell fast
 Around thy trunk, yet all
Believed that thou wouldst last
 To see thy last leaf fall.
But, ah! the worm of grief
 Had of thy stout heart made
Sad havoc; and that leaf
 Thou'st left alone to fade!

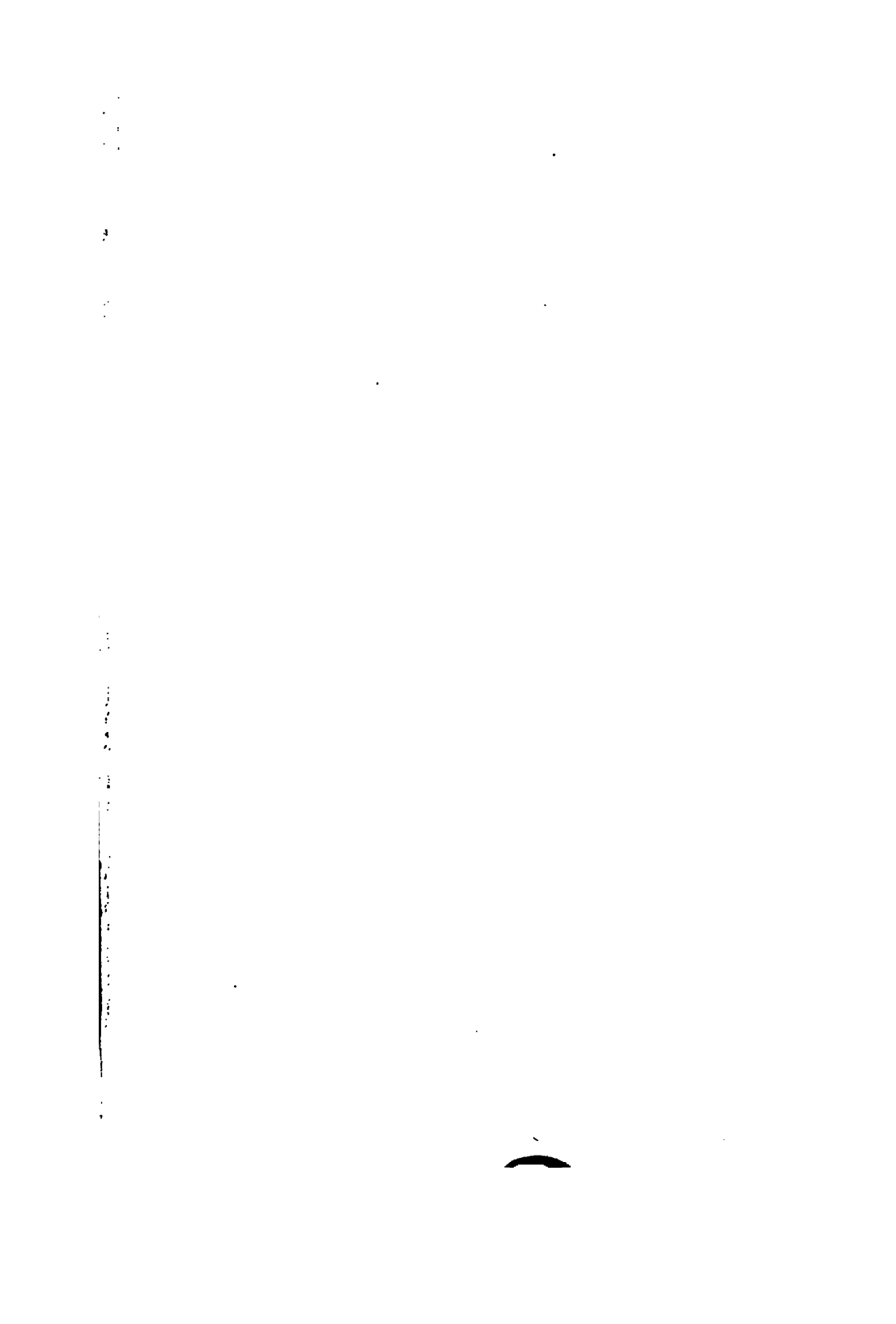
Farewell! thou ancient tree!
 Thou'rt fallen, as all must!
Although 'tis sad to see
 Thee crumbling in the dust!
Yet, many a youthful breast
 Which oft beneath thy shade
Hath sought or sigh'd for rest,
 Hath ages low been laid!

WHEN THOSE WE LOVED.

WHEN those we loved have passed away,
How oft the silent tear
Will memory wake throughout the day,
In many an after year!
Though friendly strangers fill their place,
And imitate their glee;
Yet, ah, we think an old fond face
'Twere pleasanter to see!

'The song we loved in by-gone days,
When heard perchance again,
Engrosses not our former praise,
But seems a plaintive strain:
We cannot in its notes rejoice
As we have done before,
We know 'tis not the welcome voice
That thrill'd our souls of yore!

Oh, who can then, suppress the sigh—
 Chase back the starting tear—
 When every dearest earthly tie
 He seeth disappear?
 And cold, unfeeling, sooth, is he
 Whose voice applauds the song,
 Which to some friend that's ceased to be,
 Did formerly belong!



PART SECOND.

“ Though Love his magic lyre may tune,
Yet, ah, the flowers he round it wreathes
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness in their odour breathes.

“ How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties
Sweet flowers that turn to heavenly fruit,
And palm that never dies.”

MOORE.



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GO, NUMBER THE PEOPLE.

Samuel, ii. 24.

“ Go, number the people”—the Monarch cried,
Elate with success and allured by Pride :
“ Go, number the people !” Behold, it is done,
And remorse has already its torments begun,
And a prayer for forgiveness hath he sigh’d from
his breast,
But Conscience forbids that his soul should rest ;
For before his throne has his Seer bent low,
With awe in his countenance—faith on his brow.

“ Dire is the deed which thou hast done,
Oh, loved of Heaven—meek Jesse’s son !
And He who ever doth deride
The haughty tongue and brow of pride,



Hath seen thy littleness of soul,
Which virtue lately did control,
And, only for his sacred oath,
Would now thy name and kingdom loath !
But, thus he asks :—Shall heaven retain
Its sweet and fertilizing rain
For seven long years, while Famine grim,
Stalks through the land with wither'd limb ?
Or, wilt thou flee three months before
Thy foes, while they shall grieve thee sore ?
Or (if thou brookest not delay)
Shall Pestilence around thee play
Three days ; and make thy city fair
A charnel house—a sepulchre ?
For fearful is the deed thou'st done ;
Unworthy Jesse's favour'd son !”

“ The Lord may hear our fervent call—
Oh, let us into His hands fall !”

Destruction rides upon the blast ;
Two wrathful days away have past,
And o'er Jerusalem is bending
The Angel, fearful of offending.



His awful shadow veils the sky ;
His threatening arm is raised on high ;
When, see—towards just Heaven expands
The Royal Psalmist's suppliant hands :—
“ Thy servant's sin is dark and deep,
But what have done these bleating sheep ?
On me, let now thy vengeance fall,
But in confusion, overwhelm not all !”

When man is penitent, his briefest moan
Will never fail to reach Jehovah's throne.
“ Enough !”—HE cried whose love can never
fail :
Death fled the city, and man ceased to wail !

WHEN SORROW REIGNS.

Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.—Eccl. vii. 3.

WHEN Sorrow reigns within the heart
 Or, Disappointment clouds the brow,
 Or, when we feel Affliction's smart,
 And with its pangs dejected bow;
 'Tis *then* our nature we behold—
 How evil—weak—and frail we are;
 And see sweet Happiness unfold
 Herself—but from us, oh! how far!
 'Tis then we see how wonderful
 Are all things in and on the earth;
 And it is then we from them cull
 A gleam of their Creator's worth!



'Tis *then* we think upon the *past*,
And sigh o'er "many a vanish'd scene ;"
But from Remembrance start aghast,
Because we might have *different* been !
'Tis *then* the soul in silent prayer
Dissolves itself in floods of tears ;
And while it asks the question—"Where
Are those I loved in by-gone years ?"
A tremor creeps along the frame,
But Hope relieves us with her smile,
And says—"Celestial regions claim
Their love, and not earth's sinful soil."
'Tis *then* we really—truly feel
There dwells within our breasts a *soul*,
Which subtle poison, nor fell steel,
Can injure in its mortal goal ;
But which will be, through sin alone,
Rejected from the realms of bliss,
And hurl'd for ever to bemoan
Its wretched fate in Hell's abyss !
Yes, it is *then* our spirits glow
To leave this world of low desire—
Throw off our clay, and smile at woe,
And join with Heaven's immortal choir !

MAN MUST SURELY DIE.

WHY dost thou tremble, wearied soul,
 To leave this vain, terrestrial goal,
 When gazing upon high ?
 All things that e'er have borne a name—
 All eye can see—e'er saw—proclaim
 That " Man must surely die !"

The craven, only, quakes to hear
 The enemy is gathering near,
 And gives his King the lie :
 So does he show who feareth death,
 His unbelief, and want of faith ;
 For " Man must surely die !"

And draws the lingering sigh :
Death's bitter while the pang doth last,
But sure 'tis sweet, when that is past,
To know that "Man must die !"



HYMN FOR EASTER.

REJOICE, for the mighty Jehovah has found us
 A gracious Redeemer, whose joy is to
 save!
 Messiah has risen — from sin has unbound
 us—
 O'er Satan has triumph'd—o'er Death and the
 grave!

Where—where has thy valour, proud Rome,
 vanish'd now to?
 Confus'dly for shelter thy timid sons fly;
 Or, with wild lamentations, the earth lowly
 bow to,
 'Neath their bucklers upraised for protection
 on high:



For an Angel, like lightning from heaven descending,
To the sepulchre stoops of his crucified Lord;
There widely his silvery pinions extending,
He mocks the bright edge of each sentinel's sword.

With one touch of his finger the tomb is un-
seal'd—
With one push of his hand is the stone roll'd
away!
From darkness arises Messiah reveal'd,
In radiancy clothed, changing night into
day!

And where has he gone?—to the throne of his
glory!
From whence he surveys with his merciful eye
All the world and its works; while his own
hallow'd story
With his brightness commingles and rings
through the sky!

Rejoice ! for the mighty Jehovah has found us
A gracious Redeemer, whose joy is to save !
Messiah has risen—from sin has unbound us—
O'er Satan has triumph'd—o'er Death and the
Grave !

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

ONCE more I lie me down to sleep—
To take that happy rest
Which, by God's blessing, soon will creep
Throughout my weary breast.

Oh, when again I ope mine eyes
(If such my lot shall be)
May my first wakeful breath arise
In praises, Lord, to thee !

GLORY TO GOD.

HARK, it is the Angelic choir
 Praising the universal Sire !
 And thus for ever swells the song,
 While echo doth each note prolong.

Glory, glory to God on high,
 Who sits enthroned in majesty !

Glory ! glory ! glory !
 Glory to Thee, O Lord, most holy—
 King of heaven, and sea, and earth ;
 Thou that hatest sin and folly,

Hear our song of sacred mirth :
 Thou that sitt'st in heaven, sublime,
 And holdest in thy hand the soul of Time—
 Honour and love belong to Thee,
 Peace, and power, and victory !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Glory to Thee! Glory to Thee!
Thou alone art worthy to be
In heaven and earth adored!

Sons of men, it is for you
The joyous anthem to renew;
And waft it to the King of kings
On Harmony's sublimest wings.

Glory, glory to God on high,
Who sits enthroned in majesty!
Glory! glory! glory!
Glory to Thee, O Lord! most holy!
King of heaven, and sea, and earth!
Thou that hatest sin and folly,
Hear our song of sacred mirth:
Thou that sitt'st in heaven sublime,
And holdest in thy hand the soul of Time—
Honour and love belong to Thee,
Peace, and power, and victory!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Glory to Thee! Glory to Thee!
Thou alone art worthy to be
In heaven and earth adored!

THE DAY OF REST.

AGAIN returns the day of Rest—
The hallow'd day which God hath blest :
There is no other of the seven
So calm to earth—so dear to heaven.

It is indeed a joyful day,
For Peace o'er all assumes her sway,
And Nature wears a smile so gay—
None can mistake the Sabbath day.

Oh, God, that man upon thy day
Would learn to love thee and obey ;
How happy then would earth appear—
All blessing Thee, and all sincere !



THE REPENTANT.

WHEN years had roll'd above my head,
And Time declared me "boy" no more;
Then Folly all her lurements spread
My pleasure-seeking eyes before.

I sought the gayest scenes of life,
I join'd the thoughtless worldly throng,
Rejoiced in each uproarious strife,
And laugh'd at the profanest song.

And yet, I felt amidst it all
A restless pang, a bitter care;
Which every pleasure did enthrall,
And wring my bosom with despair.

I strove the secret cause to find—
To know what 'twas my heart oppress'd;
But found *too dark* my wretched mind,
And *too close shut* my dreary breast.

I turn'd me to the lonely wood—
There daily sought to soothe my soul:
In vain!—I fled sweet Solitude
To drown my cares within the bowl!

Oh, dark Despair—thou sad deceit!—
The last resort of human woes
Is thy full cup! from which retreat
Grim Death too often overthrows!

I deeply quaff'd thy sparkling cup,
Till Sense and Care were drown'd therein,
And my best friends had given up
Their comrade, to abandon'd sin.

Deserted thus—I deeper quaff'd!
Yet,—*Heaven* had not forsaken me,
But from my lips withheld the draught
That would have seal'd my misery!



I saw a tender infant kneel,
And clasp its hands, and look to heav'n:
It pray'd that God its soul would heal,
And that its sins might be forgiven.

I gazed upon its smooth, fair face,
So beautiful and innocent!
And then I felt my own disgrace,
And vow'd to be a penitent.

Rash vow!—for when I knelt to pray,
My memory o'er the past was bent;
And whispering fiends appear'd to say,
“Thou art too wicked to repent!”

I sigh'd for many an hour mis-spent
In seeking to remove the load
That made me more impenitent,
Instead of asking aid of God!

At last, I wept: the big tear stole
Adown my hot and haggard cheek;
Oh, God! and then unto my soul
I fancied something “peace” did speak!



It was no dream!—"a still, small voice"
Spoke; and my breast became so light,
I thought all Nature did rejoice
To see me burst from Sin's dark night.

It was no dream!—so changed was I,
Creation wore a brighter hue!
And never had the quiet sky
Before appear'd so sweetly blue!

The sun shone out more brilliantly;
At night the moon so soft did peer
Amid the stars—all full of glee,
I long'd to join their lofty sphere.

The grass look'd greener; and each flower
Smelt sweeter; and the linnet's song
Was gayer far; and every hour
Pass'd swifter—happier along!

And *now*—oh, how ecstatic now
Is every feeling of my breast:
No horror darkens o'er my brow—
No causeless grief disturbs my rest!

The storm that shook my soul is past—
My bosom heaves with sighs no more ;
I've cleared " the shoals of guilt " at last,
And sail in search of Eden's shore !

I long to reach that happy land—
I long to cast my anchor there,—
Resign the helm at God's command,
And His eternal blessings share !

O God!—preserve—preserve our youth
From every pleasurable sin !
Teach them to value peace and truth,
And study, only, heaven to win !

THE FAITH OF ABRAHAM.

WHAT boundless faith do we behold
In Abraham, when he
His darling child would not withhold,
Because 'twas God's decree ;
But journey'd far to sacrifice
All that was dearest in his eyes !

And, oh ! what must have felt that sire
To hear the youth exclaim,
“ Behold, here are the wood and fire,
But, father, where's the lamb ? ”
Yet, thus the Patriarch calm replied,
“ My son !—God will a lamb provide.”

Then, on the altar burnt the wood—

 The young man knelt below :
And forth the father firmly stood,
 To strike the murderous blow !
But God beheld his faith sublime,
Nor suffer'd such a glorious crime ;

For, swift from heaven, an angel sped,

 And turn'd the impending blow ;
And on the holy Patriarch's head
 Let all God's blessings flow :
For never had Jehovah seen
Such faith and love as his had been !

Oh ! would that Abraham's faith were ours,

 That we might freely part
With that which winds its pleasing powers
 Around the fondling heart ;
That we that darling of our eyes,
The *world*—the *world* might sacrifice !

For of the *world* our hearts must make
A sacrifice to God,
Ere we attempt on earth to take
Towards heaven, the narrow road.
Oh ! grant us—Heavenly Father!—grant
That faith in Thee we so much want !

STANZAS,

ON HEARING THE BELLS OF A CHURCH RINGING
FOR SERVICE.

How sweet it is to listen to
 Yon Church Bells gaily ringing
 Their chimes so mellow, deep, and true;
 To God his servants bringing!
 They seem to say, "Come here, ye Saints,
 And thou whom Sin enchaineth;
 The Lord will hear your sad complaints,
 And heal each wound that paineth."

They are the heralds of our God,
 The hour of worship naming;
 To all that dwell on earth's dark sod
 Sweet joy and peace proclaiming:

And, oh ! unto the musing ear
How heavenly is their story !—
They drag the most unwilling near
To joyous realms of glory!

STANZAS.

ОН, could the frail children of earth only hear
 The joy that through heaven is constantly
 ringing,
 How they'd long in those regions of bliss to
 appear,
 And join with the angels in rapture and
 singing!
 Could they gain but a glimpse of the bright,
 happy faces
 Surrounding God's throne in his mansions
 of joy,—
 Oh! how would they hate everything that
 debases!
 How warm would their souls burn for glory
 on high!

The joys of the world are so fleeting and vain,
That what we call *bliss* in reality's *sorrow*;
And the mirth of *to-day* is so mingled with
pain,

That 'tis grief to look forward for joy on the
morrow!

But when for a moment we turn from the earth,
And with Hope's faithful eye look upwards to
heaven,

The spirit scarce feels that it yet has had birth,
And impatiently pants for its bonds to be
riven!

OH, THOU WHOSE EYE.

O THOU, whose eye earth's utmost bounds
 surveys,
 Beholds the deeds of man and marks his ways :
 Thou mighty Lord, who dwell'st sublime in
 heaven,—
 For all our sins we pray to be forgiven !

O Christ, thou gracious One, who didst come
 down
 To earth a God, yet form'd of flesh and bone ;
 And gave thy life away to win us heaven,
 To Thee—through *Thee*—we pray to be forgiven !

And thou, O Holy Ghost, mysterious Spirit !
 The gift of God, which but the just inherit,—

For Thee we pray!—do thou descend from
heaven,
And fill with joy our souls, wash'd, cleansed,
forgiven!

MY SPIRIT TURNS.

My spirit turns her anxious gaze
Upon my sins, so vast ;
Yet, how shall I repent the days
My soul in error past ?
Their hours have flown, but still remains
The memory of the wrong ;
Each deed God's holy record stains,
Though Justice holds her tongue.

I am not worthy, oh, my God,
To pray to be forgiven !
And yet, my soul would leave this load
Of clay, and fly to heaven !
But Thou from deepest hell canst save
The vilest of my race ;
Oh, raise me from Delusion's wave
To Piety's embrace.


Though Fancy paints, in glowing hues,
Sin's many-colour'd pleasures ;
And though too oft my heart pursues
Her glittering, empty treasures ;
Yet, oh, my gracious God ! to Thee
My longing spirit turns ;
Laments her sins, though great they be,
And for thine honour burns.

PÀRAPHRASE : FROM DEUT. IV.

ETERNAL GOD ! who hast divinely taught
Thy judgments unto us, unworthy aught
Thou canst bestow ; with love and righteous-
ness,
Oh, fill our hearts, that we may heavenward
press.

Keep us, thy statutes to perform aright—
They are our wisdom in the heathen's sight ;
For while thy praises in our songs arise,
Their soften'd hearts proclaim us " great and
wise.'

What land like ours so favour'd from on high,
Who have the Lord Almighty always nigh ?



What other nation 'neath the arch of heaven,
To whom the Lord his righteous laws hath
given ?

Oh, give us grace, that we our souls may keep,
In serving thee, from languor and from sleep ;
Lest we forget the wonders thou hast done,
And end our days worse than our lives begun.

OH, COULD I FEEL.

OH! could I feel the sacred glow
That cheer'd my early days,
When worship was my joy below,
And all my songs were praise ;
How happy, Lord, I now should be,
Still looking up with faith to Thee !


But Sin has long usurp'd control,
And bound me with his chains ;
I feel their burden on my soul,
And writhe beneath their pains ;
Oh, God ! too late I feel and see
The folly of forsaking *Thee* !

Yet, if repentance smoothes the way
Of sinful men to heaven,
Behold me now, and hear me pray,
And write me, Lord ! " forgiven !"
So shall my spirit wing with glee
Her joyous flight at last to Thee !

A DREAM OF TRANQUILLITY.

A DREAM of tranquillity o'er me came,
And I thought that the cares of the world took
flight,
And my bosom was free from Passion's flame,
And there dwelt there instead a heavenly
light,
Which beam'd so beautiful, calm, and bright,
It made earth appear the loveliest spot
Eye e'er beheld, for sorrow and blight
Had long been buried there, and forgot.

But while in that happy trance I lay,
A spirit whisper'd within my ear,
"Why dost thou slumber, child of clay!
Why dost thou slumber so careless here?"



Awake—arise, for the Tempter's near,
Ever watchful to rob our God of a Saint :
Snake-like he lurks in Beauty's tear,
And makes the sweet smile a deceitful feint.

“ The shapes he assumes so varied are,
That few can detect him of mortal ken ;
And when he appears to rest from war,
'Tis but to attack with more fury again.
Oft Friendship's palace he makes a den
Of fiends—for he poisons the goblet's brim :
Such ruin he works in the souls of men,
Oh, child of clay ! beware of HIM ! ”

HOW SWEETLY O'ER.

How sweetly o'er the musing soul
 A holy anthem falls,
 Heard 'midst the organ's solemn roll
 From some fair temple's walls.
 'Tis like the breath of early morn
 Creeping along the earth,
 Which makes all nature seem fresh born,
 And wakes the world to mirth.

It wakes the spirit from its sleep
 With an ecstatic sigh :
 Alternately we smile or weep,
 As floats the music by:—
 It fills the breast with that pure bliss
 Enjoy'd, alone, in heaven !
 Earth hath no rapture aught like this—
 It makes us feel forgiven !

WHEN CARES OPPRESS.

WHEN cares oppress, and trouble rolls
Its dreary shadows o'er our souls ;
And friends we loved become unkind,
And aggravate the generous mind ;
And Fortune frowns, and foes step in,
And tempt us, through despair, to sin ;
And every woe that e'er was felt,
To us a bitter portion's dealt :
Yet then—even *then*—though sunk in shame,
Jehovah's help we still may claim ;
For God is merciful and just
To those who in him wholly trust :
He'll soothe our souls with heavenly rest,
And pour his blessings in each breast,
And soon exchange our tears and sighs
For gladden'd hearts and smiling eyes.

Then, while our life is full of joy,
And peace has met with no alloy,
And the young breast heaves calmly on
'Neath Freedom's pure and cloudless sun,
(Like the bright bosom of the deep
Beneath the smiling heavens asleep,)
Without one pang to raise a tear
Or sigh, that we're abiding here ;
Lord ! may we learn to worship thee
With love and pure sincerity !
That when the gloomy day arrives,
And heavy burdens seem our lives,
We may not mourn without a friend,
Or think our sorrows ne'er will end ;
But humbly rest our faith in Thee,
Nor murmur at thy just decree.

STANZAS.

CHILL darkness has assumed its reign—
 The stars in heaven are met ;
 Yet, hark ! on earth a heavenly strain
 Is sweetly lingering yet :
 And thus the flow of sacred song
 On Harmony's soft wings is borne along.

Father of heaven ! bless our slumber ;
 May it be serene and light !
 May no ill dreams our hearts encumber ;
 Lord ! be with us through the night !

Oh ! how delightful 'tis to hear
 Such soothing sounds at night !
 They raise the impatient soul so near
 To heaven—it feels its light !
 For still the flow of sacred song
 On Harmony's soft wings is borne along.

When the morning breaks upon us
May we wake remembering Thee !
May thy blessing, Lord, be on us
Till we rest in peace with Thee !

**“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY
BREAD.”**

**JEHOVAH—Father ! hear our call,
For thou hast all things made ;
Oh, let thy will be done in all,
And give us daily bread !**

**Let all thy creatures, great and small,
Acknowledge Thee their head,
And pray with confidence that all
May have their daily bread.**

**Let every murmurer recall
To mind how Israel fed
When in the wilderness, where all
From Thee had daily bread.**

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD. 361

Oh, let them penitential fall
Before thy throne with dread,
And though their portion be but small,
Yet thank thee for their bread!

Each creature that on earth doth crawl,
By thee is daily fed ;
And shall not man, above them all,
From Thee, too, have his bread ?

Oh, yes ; and on this earthly ball,
None e'er need be afraid,
Lest thou shouldst not remember all,
And give them daily bread !

AS THE SUN.

As the Sun through the mist of the morn
breaketh bright,
And cherishes earth with its beautiful light ;
So let thy youth be—such be thy rise—
Break through the darkness of sin and be
wise !

As the Sun through the heavens rides brilliant
and warm,
Though earth may be ravaged with whirlwind
and storm—
So let thy life pass—dread nothing here ;
Ride gloriously on in thy holy career.

As the Sun when at even it hastens away,
Bids adieu to mankind with a gladdening ray—
 So let thy death be—hopeful and bright;
While Sorrow grows happy in watching thy
 flight.

THE RAINBOW.

BEHOLD, the Rainbow in the skies—
How beautiful its varied dyes!
Yet, while it glows so bright and gay,
How suddenly it fades away!

And thus it is with every joy
The world to lure us doth employ :
While pleasure in our hand appears,
It flies, and leaves us but its tears.

O God, what is our hope or peace
When our affections to *Thee* cease ?
Teach us to shun the world's vain toys,
And seek through thee for *real* joys !

For joys which never know decay,
But sweeter grow each passing day !
For joys such as thy Saints, O God,
Enrapture in thy high abode !

AWAKE, THOU SLUMBERER !

AWAKE, thou slumberer—awake—arise !
 The Lord Jehovah comes !
 Behold, his glory spreading through the skies,
 The sunless earth illumnes !

Hark, hark ! the Angel's trumpet, loud and
 long,
 Rouses the mouldering dead !
 See, from their graves they rise, an awful throng,
 To hear their judgment read !

Ah, how can sinners slumber on so calm—
 So carelessly secure—
 When the most righteous tremble with alarm,
 Lest they be found impure ?

Oh, dreadful day of misery and woe
 To sinners unforgiven—
 Oh, glorious hour for you, ye saints, who go
 To dwell for aye in heaven!

Alas, too late, sad slumberer, thine eyes
 Are open'd to belief:
 The time of penitence is past—the skies
 Are closed against thy grief!

OH, WHEN THE DREADFUL HOUR !

Oh, when the dreadful hour of death draws
 nigh,
 And faltering Nature whispers, "Thou must
 die!"

How will the wretched soul of him appear,
 Who never shed one penitential tear?
 While hell's wild visions pass before his eyes—
 The burning lake—the worm that never dies!
 And ring within his ears the wails of those
 Condemn'd to vain despair and ceaseless woes?

Tremendous Death! when thou thy gloomy
 wing
 Dost o'er me spread and point thine awful
 sting;
 Oh, may my soul with Faith's delighted eye,
 Look up to God, and all thy fears defy!



While spread before my wondering eyes I see
The eternal heavens, where saints stand beck-
oning me ;

And only hear, while on those sights I gaze,
The sounds of rapture and angelic lays !

“ LOVE HIM !”

“ LOVE HIM !” thy God, thy Maker, love !
For he thy kindest friend will prove ;
Where’er thy feet may wander, let
Thy memory never God forget !

“ Love Him,” “ in spirit and in truth ;”
And “ sin no more” as in thy youth :
Thy warmest love he now expects,
And woe to him that God neglects !

“ Love Him”—whate’er thy state in life ;
“ Love Him”—by hating vice and strife ;
“ Love Him”—by placing all thy trust
In Him, in everything thou dost.

" Love Him"—by teaching others so ;
" Love Him"—by pitying others' woe ;
" Love Him"—by loving those who call
Themselves thy neighbours—oh, *love all!*

" Love Him"—by patience when in pain ;
" Love Him"—by murmuring not again :
Oh, " love Him," with thy latest breath,
And He will *love thee* after death !

LORD ! WHAT'S THE WORSHIP ?

LORD ! what's the worship of the proud
Who bend the haughty knee,
Although they pray full long and loud,
And sweetly sing to Thee ?
As Echo's incoherent voice
Reverberates in mid air,
Their hollow hearts in vain rejoice,
An idle sound's their prayer !


Oh, may we never proud appear,
But always humble be ;
And ever pray with hearts sincere,
And full of love to Thee !
For thou, O God, and thou, alone,
Art worthy all men's love ;
And dost the proud of heart disown ;
For meekness reigns above.

V E R S E S.

How delightful 'tis to see
Spring from Winter bursting free !
Like as when the morning light
Puts to rout the shades of night,
Nature wakes to life and joy,
And rapture fills the earth and sky.

Then, as Summer comes apace,
With what pleasure do we trace
All the promises of Spring,
Hovering round on joyous wing,
Or, in beauteous bloom appearing,
Or, with heavenly rapture cheering.

Thus it is with weary mortals
When they break from Sin's dark portals.



First, their bosoms feel the glow
Of Religion through them go ;
While upon their conscience breaks
The light of Truth, and Doubt awakes.

Then, as their ice-bound belief
Melts before a flood of grief,
Oh, what happiness is seen
Bursting forth, so bright, serene !—
What rapture to their souls is given—
What cravings after God and heaven !

REMEMBER THY GOD.

“ Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”—
Eccl. xii. 1.

REMEMBER thy God in thy youth's happy
morning,

Ere sorrows or cares overshadow thee,
Lest Memory waken the saints' slighted warning,
In life's gloomy day to upbraid thee !
Too prone are the striplings of this world to rove
Where Folly or Pleasure invite them ;
And whate'er is most hateful to Him they should
love,

Is the surest of all to delight them !
Then, remember thy God in thy youth's happy
morning,

Ere sorrows or cares overshadow thee,
Lest Memory waken the saints' slighted warning,
In life's gloomy day to upbraid thee !

Soon darkness will shadow the homes where we
dwell,

And the harp's silver chord be unstrung,
And the golden bowl broken, and robb'd of
its spell,

And the song that we loved be unsung :
For the years and the moments of life pass
away,

Like clouds on the stormy winds driven :
And how sad will it be when our bodies decay,
If our spirits rejoice not in heaven !
Then, remember thy God in thy youth's happy
morning,

Ere sorrows or cares overshadow thee,
Lest Memory waken the saints' slighted warning,
In life's gloomy day to upbraid thee !

THE LORD, OUR GOD.

THE Lord, our God, shall guard us
From all our treacherous foes ;
Jehovah shall reward us
With triumph and repose !
He sees our souls relying
On His Almighty arm,
And cheers us while defying
Hell, trembling with alarm.

O God !—He is all glorious—
No power can his withstand !
He makes our souls victorious
O'er Satan's wily band :
For, like loud billows raging
'Gainst rocks they vain assail,
Though constant battle waging,
Their wrath's of no avail.

Though Sin his snares around us
Spreads in each flowery way,
And Beauty's charms confound us,
Or Pleasure leads astray ;
Yet, like the dove returning
Whence it was taught to roam,
Our souls, with warmer burning,
More fondly seek their home.

THE COTTAGER'S MORNING HYMN.

God of the darkness!—Thou,
 Who hast ordain'd that man from toil should
 rest,
 And sent sweet slumber down to soothe his brow,
 And fill with peace his breast :
 Oh, hear us heavenly King !
 Hear us, O God of might !
 We bless thee for our sleep,
 So calm—so soft—so deep !
 Guard us—for ever keep
 Beneath thy sheltering wing
 Our souls throughout the night !

God of the morning star !
 That sheds upon the earth its placid light,
 While rolling on in its pale, brilliant car,
 Smiling at day and night :

Oh, hear us heavenly King ;
 Turn not thine ear away ;
 Thou art for ever blest !
 With calm, unwearied breast
 We rise from sleep refresh'd :
 Beneath thy sheltering wing
 Protect us through the day !

God of the glorious Sun !
 Whose rising beams make every creature gay,
 May we, like him, our course in rapture run,
 And pass, like him, away !
 Oh, hear us heavenly King ;
 We bless thee for our breath ;
 Thou mad'st us with thy hand ;
 Thou, Lord, our days hast spann'd !
 Oh, when thou dost command,
 Upon an Angel's wing
 May we arise from death !

DEATH OF MOSES.

WEEP, Israel, weep—your chief deplore ;
Mourn, for we ne'er shall behold him more !
He heard the voice of Jehovah say,
“ Prepare thyself to die this day :
The country I give to this nation's at hand,
But thou shalt not enter that promised land.”
Weep for him, Israel—weep !

Weep, Israel, weep—your chief deplore ;
Mourn, for we ne'er shall behold him more !
He heard the voice of his God proclaim
The sentence of death, and his glory's shame :
But he heard, too, that voice, relenting,
declare
“ Thou shalt *see* that land, but not go there.”
Weep for him, Israel—weep !

Weep, Israel, weep—your chief deplore ;
Mourn, for we ne'er shall behold him more !
He heard that voice, and he murmur'd not,
To see that land was so joyous a lot ;
For *he*, only, was left of the mighty band
He led out of Egypt to people that land.
Weep for him, Israel—weep !

Weep, Israel, weep !—your chief deplore :
Mourn, for we ne'er shall behold him more !
To the loftiest mountain he straightway went,
For to look on that land his soul was bent ;
That long sought spot of repose and joy,
Where nought shall, O Israel — thy peace
destroy.
Weep for him, Israel—weep !

Weep, Israel, weep—your chief deplore ;
Mourn, for we ne'er shall behold him more !
On the loftiest peak of Nebo's height
He sate, and beheld the glorious sight ;
And as far as his eye could stretch, it lay
Like Eden in bloom, in its happiest day !
Weep for him, Israel—weep !

Weep, Israel, weep—your chief deplore ;
Mourn, for we ne'er shall behold him more !
 The teeming earth and the placid sky,
 Oh, they were too much for his faltering eye :
 And while gazing below on Jordan's bright
 tide,
 In the arms of God's host full of rapture he
 died !
Weep, Israel, weep—your chief deplore ;
Mourn, for we ne'er shall behold him more !

HARK ! THERE'S NEW-BORN JOY.

“ I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.”—Luke, xv. 7.

HARK ! there's new-born joy in heaven—

Jehovah hath relented !

A wandering spirit is forgiven !

A sinner hath repented !

Angels with celestial voice

O'er the long-lost soul rejoice ;

Saints, who once on earth did dwell,

Through heaven the joyful tidings swell :

“ A wandering spirit is forgiven !

A sinner hath repented !”

Hell's gloomy monarch on his throne,

By countless fiends surrounded,

Curses his schemes, all overthrown,

And, furious howls confounded .

He sees the glorious hosts of heaven
Flock round the spirit, now forgiven :
He hears them bless the heavenly Sire,
And trembles on his throne of fire,
Cursing his schemes, all overthrown,
With fruitless rage confounded.

Away, away ! throughout all space
The joyous news is sounded :
“ Jehovah crowns a soul with grace,
And Satan is confounded ! ”
The echoing spheres repeat to Earth
The glorious news with bounding mirth ;
And listening Earth on every gale,
Spreads round her zone the gladsome tale—
“ Jehovah crowns a soul with grace,
And Satan is confounded ! ”

CHORUS.

Hark ! there's new-born joy in heaven—
Jehovah hath relented—
A wandering spirit is forgiven—
A sinner hath repented !

Hell's gloomy Monarch on his throne,
By countless fiends surrounded,
Curses his schemes, all overthrown,
And, furious, howls confounded !

SHALL NOT IN HEAVEN.

SHALL not in heaven our converse be
 Like Angels' whisper'd mirth,
 From every sound of folly free,
 And every tone of earth?
 Yes; the unletter'd soul shall there
 As sweet a voice possess,
 As the most holy Sage that e'er
 His wisdom could express.

The dumb one's tongue, in heaven above,
 Shall silence keep no more,
 But speak celestial words of love
 With those who there adore.
 No trill shall shake the old man's voice—
 No discord there shall reign;
 But old and young alike rejoice,
 And harmony maintain!

AGAIN LET THE HARP.

CHORUS.

AGAIN let the harp to Jehovah's high praise
 Be strung by the Minstrels who teach us their
 lays ;
 For all things in heaven, and all things on earth,
 Declare their great Maker, and sing of his
 worth !

FIRST MINSTREL.

Listen, O Earth !—'twas Jehovah who made
 thee,
 And holds thee, revolving on nought, in thy
 place !

SECOND MINSTREL

Harken, thou Sun !—'twas the Lord God who
 bade thee
 Come forth in thy might and illumine all
 space !

THIRD MINSTREL.

Ye Rivers—ye Oceans, that compass the earth,—
It was God that created your waves at a word!

FOURTH MINSTREL.

Thou Moon, and ye Stars!—from whence had
ye birth?

CHORUS OF MINSTRELS.

From the thought of Jehovah—Jehovah, the
Lord!

CHORUS.

Again let the harp to Jehovah's high praise
Be strung by the Minstrels who teach us their
lays;
While all things in heaven, and all things on
earth,
Rejoice in their Maker, and sing of his worth!

FIRST MINSTREL.

Oh! Man!—Mortal Man!—thou last work of
creation!
Sublimest of creatures the Lord ever form'd!

Supreme upon earth — next the Angels in
station!—

In God's image made—by his Spirit, too,
warm'd!

SECOND MINSTREL.

Awake thou! 'tis time! from thy slumber of sin!

THIRD MINSTREL.

Thy triumph o'er Satan, let angels record!

FOURTH MINSTREL.

Messiah now bids thee the conquest begin!

CHORUS OF MINSTRELS.

Shout — shout for Jehovah: — Jehovah, the
Lord!

GENERAL CHORUS.

Still—still let the harp to Jehovah's high praise
Be strung by the Minstrels who teach us their
lays;

While all things in heaven, and all things on
earth,

Rejoice in their Maker, and sing of his worth :
And man from the bondage of sin is set free,
And all kindreds and people turn, Jesus, *to*
Thee !

THE CAPTIVE JEWS' LAMENT.

THE cedar from its native soil
 In Lebanon removed,
 In vain takes root in other earth,
 As many an eye hath proved :
 It pineth for Assyria's sun—
 Judæa's placid skies ;
 And though it puts forth leaves awhile,
 Ere long it droops and dies !

And thus is Israel's fallen race
 Transplanted from their home,
 And doom'd in distant lands to find
 A sickly root—a tomb !
 For even there our foes, as erst
 In cruel Pharaoh's day,
 When they behold our branches green,
 They tear the buds away !

But, oh, thou God of Abraham !
Be still his children's friend ;
And in this day of bondage, Lord !
Almighty succour send :—
So, shall our foes uprooted be,
As we are rootless now ;
And Jesse's stem again shall grace
Forsaken Sion's brow !

OH, THOU THAT MAD'ST US.

Oh, Thou that mad'st us, by thy mighty power,
And hast sustain'd us to the present hour !
Forgive our faults this day—blot out each sin ;
A holier life, Lord, help us to begin !

Let not thine anger on us, Lord. come down !
Who shall survive if thou dost only frown ?
Bless us, O God—dispell the soul's dark gloom ;
Send down thy Spirit, and our minds illume !

Who hath not fallen short in serving Thee ?
Yet, let not this, oh, Father, be *our* plea !
Strengthen our faith—our love make more
sincere ;
And fill our hearts (lest we should fail) with
fear.

Where is our hope in sickness—joy in health—
Comfort in poverty—repose midst wealth—
If Thou, O God, art not the constant guest,
And sovereign ruler of the wayward breast?

LORD ! WHO BUT THEE.

LORD ! who but Thee shall e'er our sins forgive,
 The guilty conscience soothe, and bid us live?
 Can the stoled priest for us atonement make
 When we thy laws neglect — commandments
 break ?

Alas ! in vain to *him* may we confess ;
 'Tis *Thou*, alone, that canst absolve and bless !

Thou, Lord, hast bid the weary and oppress'd
 Come unto Thee, that thou might'st give them
 rest ;

Oh, heal us now with Thy redeeming grace,
 Nor from thy suppliants, Lord, avert thy face,
 For heavily our sins upon us press,
 And wearied conscience sickens in distress !

Thou art our Father! oh, be thou our *friend*!
As disobedient children, lo, we bend,
Upon our past transgressions to implore
Thy mercy, Lord! and help to sin no more!
Oh, hear us—hear us! cleanse our hearts within,
And there implant abhorrence deep of sin!

LORD ! WHAT ARE ALL.

LORD ! what are all our hopes
 If centred not in Thee ?
 Vain expectations that o'erwhelm
 The soul with misery !
 Unless on Thee we fix
 A firm reliance, Lord !
 Our life's a weary pilgrimage,
 And sorrow our reward.

Oh, thou art strong to save !
 Into each heart instil
 Such faith in Thee, that we may ne'er
 Rebel against thy will :
 So, shall no darkening cloud
 Destroy our hopes of rest ;
 But trusting in Thy promises,
 In death we shall be blest !

NOTES.



NOTES.

NOTE 1, p. 52.—“ *And Friendship turn pallid as anger
grew warm.*”

This stanza is a parody on Charles Swain's beautiful lines—

“ Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform;
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!”

NOTE 2, p. 61.—“ *The Monarch from his throne.*”

Louis the Sixteenth, decapitated January 21, 1792.

NOTE 3, p. 61.—“ *Rehearsing—Liberty.*”

“ As soon as the king came upon the scaffold, he surveyed
for a few moments the immense multitude. He then pronounced,
loud enough to be heard at the garden of the Tuileries, ‘ Fran-

çois! Je meurs innocent. Je pardonne à tous mes ennemis, et je souhaite que la France!" Here Santerre, fearing the effect of his address upon the people, interrupted him by giving a signal for the drums to beat and the executioners to perform their office. They seized their victim, and placed him under the axe of the guillotine. The stroke was then given, and one of the executioners, holding up the head to be seen by the people, a few persons, more cruel, or more mercenary than the rest, cried 'Vive la nation—vive la Republique!' A troop of young men, placed there for the purpose, commenced a dance round the scaffold. Several persons dipped the points of pikes, pieces of paper, and pocket-handkerchiefs, in the blood, &c."—*Hewson Clarke's History of the War.*

NOTE 4, p. 62.—"*Who learn'd in smiles to bleed.*"

The great attachment of the French soldiers to Napoleon is well known; and at the Battle of Waterloo, one man, whose arm had been shattered by a cannon ball, was seen to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, "Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort!"

NOTE 5, p. 78.—"*Farewell to Erin.*"

These stanzas were written on returning from a short visit to Ireland, in 1830, and I should not have thought them worth preserving here, had not some of my friends considered them rather breathing of the *prophetic* in respect to the disturbances

which have since then agitated the country. The violent harangues of O'Connell had certainly not then brought into existence the "Repeal Association;" still, however, it did not require very close observation to remark the apathy and mistrust which the Irish people showed towards the English stranger: the seeds of an old, and, as it were, *natural* enmity seemed to rankle in their breasts, which only wanted the hot breath of Agitation to make them germinate, as we have already seen. Like a dog that has been so frequently tantalized that he at last turns from every morsel offered him, the Irish appeared to doubt the sincerity of almost all advances to a friendly communication; and seemed inwardly to rejoice at the witty and contemptuous manner in which they evaded every question asked them. Still, I believe them to be a warm-hearted people, and open to the most generous actions; but, like many others, will always be more easily led than driven.

But at the time of writing these Stanzas, I understood very little of political matters, and my ideas of "justice to Ireland" might, perhaps, be more romantic than otherwise; yet the friendly appearances (whether sincere or not, time only can tell) which were shown towards that country during the last Session of Parliament, (1845) more than realized my expectations; and I never can despair of an everlasting reconciliation between the two countries taking place. The Irish must not be *tantalized*—they must have equity shown to them,—the English must respect, and study more how to *please* them. Political and religious agitation will then vanish of its own accord, and Great Britain and Ireland will be (what at present they *are not*) ONE PEOPLE.

NOTE 6, p. 82.—“ *An emblem of thee.*”

“ EUDOXUS. But if that country of Ireland, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodious a soil, as you report, I wonder that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that nation to better government and civility.

“ IRENÆUS. Marry, so there have been divers good plots devised, and wise counsels cast already about reformation of that realm; but they say, it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect: which, whether it proceed from the very *genius* of the soil, or influence of the stars; or, that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or, that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still, for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared.

“ EUDOXUS. Surely I suppose this but a vain conceit of simple men, which judge things by their effects, and not by their causes; for I would rather think the cause of this evil which hangeth upon that country, to proceed rather of the unsoundness of the counsels and plots which you say have been oftentimes laid for the reformation, or faintness in following and effecting the same, than of any fatal course appointed of God, as you misdeem: but it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen into an absurdity, or their actions succeed not as they would, they are always ready to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, so to excuse their own follies and imperfections.

“ IRENÆUS. And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under Heaven, being

stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly; sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world: also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them, to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soil itself most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto; and, lastly, the heavens most mild and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the west.

“EUDOXUS. Truly, Iren, what with your praises of the country, and what with your discourse of the lamentable desolation thereof you have filled me with a great compassion of their calamities, that I do much pity that sweet land, to be subject to so many evils, as I see more and more to be laid upon her, and do half begin to think, that it is (as you said at the beginning) her fatal misfortune, above all other countries that I know, to be thus miserably tossed and turmoiled with these variable storms of affliction.”—*Spenser's View of the State of Ireland*.

NOTE 7, p. 119.—“*To Braham*.”

These Stanzas, with the exception of the three last, added some time afterwards, were written on hearing the wonderful *Braham* sing at the Birmingham Festival, in ~~1838~~ 1840.

NOTE 8, p. 154.—“ *As a toast to include all the sex under heaven.*”

At a dinner *à la*, in a certain small town in the County of *Chester*, in honour of her Majesty coming of age, at which I was a guest, I was much amused, and somewhat startled (considering myself a Lancashire man) at the Chairman (an M.P. for the county) giving, as a toast, “ *The Lancashire Witches*,” “ meaning,” said he, “ *The Ladies generally !*”

NOTE 9, p. 203.—“ *If thy grey veterans are forgot.*”

The foregoing Stanzas were composed on returning from a public dinner, at which I had heard a gentleman state (in the course of proposing a toast) that one of the officers in the “ *Victory*” at the time of *Nelson’s* death, was now only the Captain of a *steam packet* to the *United States*.

NOTE 10, p. 211.—“ *Thrown aside Glendowr’s blade.*”

In the church-yard of Corwen, near Llangollen, North Wales, is a remarkable circular stone, said to commemorate the spot on which the sword of the hero *Glendowr* alighted, when thrown away by him, from a neighbouring hill, on seeing his army defeated, in one of his latest engagements with the English.

NOTE 11, p. 212.—“ *Even now our sacred harp,*” &c.

At that beautiful spot, Llangollen, North Wales, I was completely disgusted with the degeneracy of the “Welsh Bards,” in hearing one of them play “Jolly Nose,” “Such a getting up stairs,” and sundry other such *airs*, on the “Welsh Harp.”

THE END.







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